National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

HARPER AND HIS MAGAZINES.

From The South.

AMONGST the various Yankee schemes for making money by selling the brains of other people, we know none more deserving public contempt than the Magazine of Harper, and its codicil, the Harper weekly press. Who Harper is beyond any other owner of a job printing-office, or why he should assume to put his name upon the writings of others, we have no information. Without doubt Bruce has the same right to claim all that may be printed with his type, or Hoe is as much the author of every article thrown from his cylinder press, as this squatter and poacher upon the domain of Literature.

By simply conducting the sale of the works which have been contributed to his columns, Harper is enabled to turn a very handsome penny, and also to build up for himself a sort of celebrity as a munificent benefactor of American letters. Is there an essay, a poem, a scientific article contributed or sold to the Magazine, the author's name is suppressed—unless it will add to the price—and thus the whole merit passes to the credit of Mr. Harper, the printer and salesman.

Like the confectioner who "kept a poet," Mr. Harper seems to have at least a brace of anonymous editors. One of them, who calls himself "Easy Chair," seems troubled with an incorrigible facetiousness. He procures all the old jokes, and a good many new ones, obviously intended for the diversion of the public. These jokes he spins out in his own obscure language until every vestige of humor is obliterated. He is no doubt as much surprised that the public does not appreciate his wit as Goldsmith, when, having perverted a pun dreadfully, he was compelled to complain that his auditors received it with gravity; whereas "every one had laughed heartily" when it had been told to him.

But Mr. Harper has hitched on another car to his locomotive; he now publishes *Harpers' Weekly*, into which he distils the wit as he reprints the engravings of the Magazine, so that if the public won't bray at one piece, they may at another, just as what is not eaten at the hotel is sold in the alleys. This *Weekly*, setting out with a profession of neutrality in politics, has recently developed a malignant disposition to assail the Administration of Mr. Buchanan and the character of Southern men, and has published one or more articles which, from their tone, we may presume had first been offered for sale to *The Tribune* and *Liberator*, as they would certainly suit the avowed doctrines of such journals better than the professed purpose of the paper in which they appear.

The *Southern Banner* takes just exception at the tone of that "chicken thief" of a newspaper, and avows its purpose to "call for the name of the editor who penned this tissue of falsehoood." Those in Georgia, says the *Banner*,

"who subscribe to the *Weekly* know that there is employed upon one department of it one George W. Curtis, and they suspect that he is the author of the article in question. They know, also, that this man Curtis stumped the domains of free-soilism in '56 for 'Freemont and Free Kansas,' and that he distinguished himself above all his compeers by his filthy and ferocious denunciations of Southern people and their institutions. They know, too, that more recently, at a convention of unsexed women and leprous Abolitionists in the city of New York, he assailed the President of the United States in terms of such disgusting brutality and indecency as even to disgust some of his hearers. This is what they all know, and *now they desire to learn whether or not such a man has been installed in the editorial chair of a journal which was commended to them principally on account of its proposed abstinence from the discussion of sectional questions.* They also wish to know if *he* has been chosen to give them each week that rest and relief so much desired after wading through the bitter and tiresome squabbles of the political Press. If he has, and the above article is a specimen, they wish to know it, so that *they can at once transfer their patronage to some other journal better calculated to give them what they desire and which does not employ notorious Black Republican stump orators and vilifiers of Southern people* upon its editorial staff. The Messrs. Harper owe it to themselves and their Georgia patrons to say whether or not such is the case."

We approve these suggestions, and hope our own readers will scrutinize more closely the character of the innumerable Yankee papers which circulate amongst us. These papers are invariably opposed to the institution of slavery, and avail themselves of every opportunity to inflict secret injury upon it.

They are fitted out like the schooners recently confiscated in Norfolk and Petersburg for negro-stealing, ostensibly fair traders, but, really, on the lookout to gratify their hostility to the South, and love of gain, by any device that may present itself.

IN ANSWER TO PRAYER.

A VENERATED correspondent, and one of the most distinguished divines in our country, writes in a private letter that he regards the great triumph of the American Tract Society as one of the most wonderful answers to prayer that he has ever known.

We have heard the same remark made by many others. When we consider the immense exertions made by the opponents of the Committee to obtain a majority at the meeting; when we remember the calm confidence of the Committee in God, and their entire willingness to leave the issue in his hands; when we recall the remarkable manner in which the opposition were taken in their own craftiness, and their defeat precipitated by a mistake of their appointed leader in making a motion which he did not intend to make, and wished to change when he saw what its effect was to be; when we recollect that one thousand good men and true came at nine in the morning and sat till three in the afternoon to register their solemn approbation of the course of their faithful servants; and when we now behold the unexpected support which that vote receives from nine-tenths of the American press, we cannot for one moment resist the impression which our venerable friend has received, that this glorious result is in answer to prayer!

Thousands who could not be with us to share in the enjoyment of that memorable day were with us in spirit, and their supplications were constant that God would save his own cause and his own truth from the impending calamity. We know something of the intense anxiety that filled many hearts, and the fervor with which for many previous weeks they had implored the God of Israel to stand by the Society in the day of its trial and peril. Their desires were heard. The Society was saved: and by such a mighty manifestation of power as to make its deliverance comparable only to the greatest victories in the annals of the Church.—*New York Observer.*

THE ULTIMATE POINT.

THERE were many good men and true who voted with the majority [in the Boston Branch of the American Tract Society], and who will ere long be constrained to inquire what is the ultimate point to which matters are tending on their side of the house. It is all very fine, no doubt, for them to disclaim so indignantly all sympathy with abolitionism, and to claim to be conservative, par excellence. But they will find they must go whithersoever their captains choose to march them. Does anybody doubt where that is? A great master tells us that

"Oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths."

Do they not occasionally also tell us truths by taking heed to which we might be rescued from imminent peril? At the meeting of the New England Anti-Slavery Society held in this city last week, James N. Buffum, of Lynn, is reported to have delivered himself of the following:

"Dr. Cheever's address was a concentrated thunderbolt against the Church. He said it was the bulwark of slavery, and that the clergy were responsible for its existence and continuance. Garrison, Phillips and Wright, and all the radicals of this platform, could not make up one Cheever!"

Is not such a testimony from such a source deserving of at least a passing thought on the part of those who seem to have surrendered themselves to an influence proceeding from the place where all such thunderbolts are forged?—*Boston Correspondent N. Y. Observer.*

THERE is a certain amount of dross or scum in every man's composition. Some, undoubtedly, have a larger proportion than others, and, what is more serious, they permit it to come to the surface and boil over in *public*, instead of quietly skimming it off at home, as good sense would dictate. The active members of the American Anti-Slavery Society belong to this class. Of those who figure regularly at the meetings of the Society, many we know to be men of cultivation, of kindly disposition, and estimable in private life; but their "droppings" at the Conventions are certainly vaporous and acrid in proportion to the intensity of the fire of the occasion, by which the cauldron of thought and feeling is heated. The proceedings at the late anniversary were perhaps marked with a little excess of warmth and bitterness, from that abundant fuel supplied by the Lecompton swindle, &c.; otherwise they differed not materially from those of former years.—*New York Correspondent of The Boston Christian Register (Unitarian).*

Selections.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS,

At the New England Anti-Slavery Convention, May 26th, 1858

MR. PRESIDENT: I have listened, for one, with the most hearty delight to the announcement that Mr. Parker has made, of what he thinks should be the main purpose in the labor of the coming year, especially that which relates to an enactment, on the part of Massachusetts, that she ignores the existence of the Fugitive Slave clause, and takes her neck out of the yoke at any rate. I am exceedingly glad to have his assent and concurrence in that resolution. Although that resolution stands, I believe, for the first time, here, and a fortnight ago in New York, in the list of our principles and measures, it is some three or four years since our friend Henry C. Wright has been accustomed to urge it upon us. We have at last come up to him. I remember, at college, when our Natural Philosophy Professor used to put down a morsel of granite, or some minute atom of diamond, and then bring to bear upon it the positive and negative poles of the electric battery, it disappeared in the blaze. Now, my friend Henry C. Wright stands outside of the Constitution—the negative pole—and sends in upon us this message—"Let Massachusetts enact that nobody shall be tried on her soil as a fugitive slave." Mr. Parker stands with his theory, inside of the Constitution—he is the positive pole. They are brought together; and I expect to see that clause vanish, as the diamond did, in the shock of the concurrence between these elements that have hitherto stood apart on this measure. I expect—yes, I say it seriously, for I believe in the triumph of ideas—I expect that, in the shock of that mutual labor, the time will yet come when Massachusetts will tear it out of her records, either by force or by construction—I do not care which. We have never yet asked anything of the Legislature which they have not granted us—nothing! In the long list of our petitions, we can write "*Granted*" against every one. We cannot sit idle. You know

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do,"

and so we turn our endeavors to a new point. They have granted us the schools—they have granted us the railroad cars—they have granted us intermarriage—they have granted us the welcome absence of Judge Loring from the Commonwealth (loud applause). And now, having nothing else to do, and looking round for employment, we have accepted one of the "crotchets" of Henry C. Wright, and mean to stereotype it into a statute (applause).

Some people think it will never come. We must learn to labor and to wait. It is astonishing how many evidences there are that it is coming, and coming very fast. You can hardly turn anywhere without finding evidence that it is coming. Up in the State House last winter, Caleb Cushing was continually taunting the Legislature that they were making themselves a mere bob to the kite of Garrisonianism; and yesterday, if you had been at the meeting of the Tract Society, you would have found an eloquent merchant, making his maiden speech, and the gist of it was that the Congregationalists were trying to tie him, an Episcopalian, to the tail of the kite of Garrisonianism! You cannot go anywhere but you find one man charging another with becoming the tool of the Abolitionists. It is just like the poor lunatic in the Scotch hospital, who thought he had dined off of roast beef and turkey, fruit and jelly and preserves, but said, after all, it tasted wonderfully like gruel, the whole of it (laughter). So, whether you go to a meeting of the Tract Society, or to the Legislature, or to a private gathering in New York or Boston, the cry is still the same. You cannot go anywhere but somebody is charged with trying to pull the whole body into an anti-slavery agitation. Well, this is the instinctive, unconscious, unpremeditated, involuntary expression of the feeling which everybody has, that they are gravitating toward radical anti-slavery, and cannot keep out of it. It is a welcome proof. Here is another.

I sometimes think I will buy an old book of fables, learn them by heart, and then come to the conclusion that I know everything; for it seems to me as if old proverbs and old stories, the concentrated wisdom of ages, left nothing to be learned. Do you remember the story, old as the grayest and brownest-papered school-book, of the farmer in the lawyer's office, and undertaking to state a case? He said that his bull had gored the lawyer's ox. "Very well, it is very plain," said the lawyer; "you must pay me damages." "Stop," said the farmer, "I have made a mistake. It was *your* bull that gored *my* ox." "Ah," said the other, "that is a different matter, and I will consult the books: call again to-morrow. It is hard to say how the rule stands" (laughter). Well, in 1835, the Boston *Courier* was in about the same state of mind that it is now (laughter and applause). It has been bought and sold a great many times since, publicly as well as privately, but it stands where it did. But, mark! in 1835, it was the farmer's bull that had done the mischief, and so the *Courier* defended the "gentlemen of property and standing," "in broadcloth and broad day light," in State street, who undertook to put down a legal meeting of certain women in behalf of the abolition of American slavery; and it thought—the press of Boston generally thought—that it was an exceedingly republican, and safe, and excellent principle, that "citizens of eminent gravity," meeting in the vicinity of the *Atlas* office, or on the sidewalk of State street, should undertake to settle for themselves whether legal meetings of other people were for the public benefit or not! They saw no danger in the principle; they defended it. It was not a *mob* that went there, and made a fool of Mayor Lyman; it was the "gentlemen of property and standing," it was the "conservative element of the Commonwealth." The boot was on that leg, you see. It has got on the other now. Chief-Justice Shaw has decided that anybody may go into a liquor shop, where rum is sold without a warrant, take out the bottles and demijohns, and break them on the curb-stone—and this same *Courier* is very much alarmed! It is awfully dangerous, it is illegal for the people to do anything without a warrant! It is the Chief Justice of the Commonwealth now that lays down the law, not the *Atlas* office; but still the *Courier* thinks the Judge must have been "jocular" when he made the decision, that he could not have intended it to be taken as law; the consequences are such as no law-abiding man can contemplate! You see, it is the *other* bull that has done the mischief (laughter). The moderate people, the sensible people, the people with dust on their shoes, that do not tread on the pavement with the Chief Justice on their side, proceed to abate, not *legal meetings*, but *public nuisances*, and the lawyer has got to consult his books to see whether damages are to be paid. "Call again in a day or two; this is a very serious matter," says the *Courier* (laughter and applause).

Here is another—they thicken so fast. Some half dozen years ago, I was invited to deliver an address before a literary society in a neighboring city. Shortly after, I happened to be in the place, and met a man in the street, who asked me what I intended to talk about. I had some dim idea in my mind, and I tried to tell him. When I had done, he said, "You may speak of anything you please, for Rufus Choate came here, and gave us a defence of the Fugitive Slave law, *as a literary exercise!*" I came down to Boston, and met graduates of Harvard, who had just come from the first meeting of the Alumni of that institution, met to celebrate the literary anniversary of the college, steeped in Greek and Latin, and not one of them with an idea less than two thousand years old, except a very few perhaps, deemed dangerously "fast men," because just waked up to the admiration of Addison, and young enough to believe Pope a poet. Rufus Choate was called on to address them, and he delivered another eulogy on the Fugitive Slave law and Daniel Webster. Now see where he has got. A party of young men address him a letter, asking him to deliver a Fourth of July oration, in which they say—

"Although this committee acts at the appointment of an association partly political, it is proper that we should say to you that, by its express direction, we are instructed to avoid with care whatever might give to the festivities of our national holiday any color of partizan character.

"The great mass of our citizens have a hearty aversion for the localism and partizanship which have become the established features for the celebration of our 'independence day,' and hunger and thirst for some taste of the boundless patriotism of earlier days. It is our desire to minister to this taste, and not ourselves commit the offence we reprobate in others."

To which Mr. Choate, having many a sin like those two on his conscience, replies—

"I appreciate very sensibly the courtesy of this notice, and *with your opinions I perfectly concur.* Whatever our public may choose, or of whatever they are fatigued or desirous, or whatever may be afforded to them, of one thing I am sure, that this ought to be a day for the whole of our America, not a part of it; for the country, not for faction; for the creation, and memory, and diffusion of a comprehensive national feeling, not for the advocacy of a party."

Once ten thousand youthful orators, on the sunny Fourth of July, argued lustily that Liberty meant permission to buy and sell slaves; and *Union* signified the South everywhere—the North nowhere. But the boot has got on the other leg, you perceive! The channel has shifted clean over, and the thoroughly roused public have taken possession of every occasion and every platform to thunder forth Anti Slavery truth. Call a meeting for what you will, it turns into an Anti-Slavery Debate. The prophet now cannot curse if he will—no praise of slave-hunting will issue from his lips; spite of himself, his lips break into blessings, and say, "Down with the bill—Liberty for the bondman!" Old Concord bells refuse to ring in a pro-slavery Fourth of July, and, from Bangor as far west as there was a Fremont voter, the glorious old day swells and sings, roars and thunders, "Break every yoke"—"Liberty first, Union afterwards!" Hunkerdom, in vain crying out for refuge and quarter, now at last bethinks itself how wrong to use such a day for *party* purposes!!

It is *your* bull, you see. "I will look into the statutes," says Mr. Choate. It used to be, "Hang out your banner on the outer wall"—"We are Unionists, Daniel Webster men, Fugitive Slave law advocates." "Our castle's strength can laugh a siege to scorn." It is the white flag now! "Gentlemen, let us not minister to party! Let us be very general—no biting allusion to individuals." "Don't mention the gallows in the house of a man whose brother has been hanged!" (Loud laughter and applause.) A momentous change! They cry quarter. They go back to justice. They used to say, "Let us get all we can, and let the losers talk in vain of rights." They are the losers now, and they begin to talk of rights, and proprieties, and national courtesies. It is a sign that the balance has kicked the beam. It is a pregnant sign, when Rufus Choate takes refuge from Fugitive Slave law advocacy in the "boundless patriotism," in the "specious and glittering generalities" of an earlier period. Well, we do not mean they shall have any such luxury.

The fact is, everybody has good principles, but nobody applies them. The only difficulty is when a man comes along and does what he says he will—means what he says. We are not a sincere people. Our friend, Mr. Parker, told us, after he had given us his programme for Massachusetts, that he wanted a party that would say a Republican Government meant an Anti-Slavery one. Good! Let us anchor there. If there is a man here who believes it, don't let him dare to vote for anybody who does not agree with him ("hear, hear"). Do not go to your hearthstone at home, and there profess the constitutional theory of my friend Mr. Parker, and maintain that the clause guaranteeing a Republican Government to the States gives the power to abolish slavery, and then vote for Henry Wilson in November, until he writes over his banner, "I go for the power and the duty of Congress to abolish slavery in South Carolina." That is, if you accept the theory, mate it with an act! (Applause.) Stereotype it! If there is a man who thinks the American Tract Society in New York placed itself under the shoe leather of the slaveholder, let him see to it that he never gives it the color of a red cent (applause). ACTS, as well as words! (Renewed applause.) Men do not trust you for your theory and principles, they trust you for your acts. The great difficulty, in a country and in a time like ours, is to be understood. You are not understood when you lay down principles; you are understood when you drag them down into daily life, and infer from them into each hour's conduct. I remember a story of one of our laborers at Portsmouth—the woman whose voice, of all now left us, was first heard on the Anti-Slavery platform. She had had a slaveholder, a relative, attend a week's course of her lectures. Address after address he listened to, and he could coolly criticize, object and explain. The words of the speaker played round his head, but never touched his heart. But the sixth or seventh day, in the course of conversation, he said, "That fact you state cannot be true—I pledge you my honor." "Your *honor!*" said she; "why, I know you would steal; what reliance could I place on your honor?" He put on his hat, and was not seen at a lecture afterwards. He understood her! (Applause.) He had thought she was arguing, theoretically, abstractly, on principles; that she did not come down to actual life. The great thing is to be understood. The American Tract Society will understand Dr. Cheever a great deal better, notwithstanding all his eloquent, sublime, prophetic, glorious rebukes, that might claim him kindred with Isaiah—they will understand him infinitely better when they come up to his church door for a contribution and find it locked. But this is an *act*. If a candidate for office hears you say that you think the Constitution of the United States authorizes Congress to abolish slavery, he may think well or ill of it, or think nothing of it; but suppose, when he comes to you in November for a vote, you say, "It depends upon whether you think Congress has the power to abolish slavery, and whether, if you think so, you mean to exercise it," he will study the question in an hour, and come to a distinct impression next morning. I remember, some seventeen years ago, Abbott Lawrence wrote a letter to Francis Jackson, saying that he did not have any opinion upon a question which Mr. Jackson had asked in regard to certain alleged powers of Congress. Every man who goes to Congress now has a very definite opinion, and is rather anxious to have an opportunity to answer an anti-slavery letter inquiring what his opinions are.

What we want, then, are acts following these theories. Bring them down into daily life. That discussion in the Tract Society yesterday amounts to nothing if the same amount of money continues to go to New York. You may argue forever, Massachusetts may resolve forever, her speakers may be eloquent forever, she may exhaust the dictionary in epithets to describe James Buchanan; but the moment you checkmate the government, by refusing to vote the appropriations, that moment the dictionary may be closed—you have reached something better than the dictionary. All I wish to add to that excellent programme which Mr. Parker started to day is that those men who do vote, who undertake to carry their ideas into politics, are not to shelter themselves from our criticism or our rebuke by going into an Anti-Slavery meeting, and covering themselves over with these theories. No! No matter what private men of the Republican party think—we care not; no matter what is the theory of the hearth-side; we want the theory avowed in its platform, the purpose declared in its methods announced to the public, and reduced to practice at the ballot-box. You may think I am talking twenty years before the age—no, not at all. I am talking on the very eve of the age. We are rushing toward the cataract, nobody can tell how fast. The rank and file, the people, are infinitely nearer the consummation of this purpose than you imagine. All we want is the courage to own it. Massachusetts might be led out of the Union in five years. If, when Kansas takes her seat, by pro-slavery representatives, as I believe she will, in the Senate of the United States, the people of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts could have the vote put to them whether they would remain in the Union under such a perversion of the Constitution or repudiate it, except the commercial, you might say, the *coined* heart of Boston, the vote, there is every fair probability, would be, "No! Come out!" Anti-Slavery has done it, and far more thoroughly than we suppose; and if not here, then at least in the far West. In the new States, where the weight of conservatism in Church and State is less marked, there, where the popular voice is closer and warmer to the government itself, you would find a readiness to adopt and to meet this question of separation. But, what I claim of politicians, what I claim of the Church, is simply consistency; that they shall act on the principles that they avow. What care I for the eloquent denunciations even of that Giant at Brooklyn? He may exhaust the genius which he has inherited from the largest brain in the Orthodox doctorate of divinity, in denouncing the American Church as the refuge of slavery, and when he goes into the churches of the city of New York to build up, with both hands, a revival which is to strengthen that refuge of the slaveholder, he more than undoes the rebuke of the ten previous years; for every atom of strength that he is contributing to the already tottering battlements of that Church is laid on the heart of the bondman (applause), and he knows it, or he ought to know it. In an age like ours, the eloquence of the pulpit is little or nothing, if there be not behind it the better eloquence, the louder protest of the LIFE. With the surroundings of Henry Ward Beecher, girt about with a family of clergymen, his reputation for orthodoxy yet unsullied, his standing as an evangelical Christian yet unattacked, if he were to slam his church door against the American Bible, Tract and Missionary Society, it would be like the first gun at Lexington, "heard round the world" (applause). There would be no more pro-slavery refugees on the European continent, robing themselves in anti-slavery professions, and trying to explain their silence at home on the ground that Garrison was an infidel, and Theodore Parker did not fancy John Calvin. They would be met with the admitted fact that the son of Lyman Beecher, the brother of Harriet B. Stowe, had shut his church against the benevolent institutions of the Northern States, and that fact, that *fact*—facts have giant boots, and travel forty leagues a minute—would journey the world over. The telegraphic wires would be attached to the steeple of the Brooklyn church, and the other end would be every Christian heart on the continent of Europe. We should need no explanations, no buts, no apologies. The Christianity of Europe would overwhelm the truckling, the faltering, the evasive, the ambiguous Christianity of these thirty-two hypocritical States.

The American religion, the American Tract Society (both sides), the resolutions of the protestants, and the resolutions of the Southerners, remind me always of that nonsense of Maria Edgeworth—"I went into the garden, and cut a cabbage leaf to make an apple pie—and gunpowder run out of the heels of her boots" (laughter). There stands Leonard Bacon—able, far-sighted, intelligent, determined, a son of the Puritans, with the *New-Englander* for his organ, and Yale College for his certificate of orthodoxy—and they gagged him on the floor of the Tract Society: and about all he had an opportunity to say was, to turn to the very man who was fastening on the gag, Dr. Bethune, and call him "his worthy Christian brother"! How much do you suppose Dr. Bethune cared for any vote, any protest of the man who acknowleged his Christian character, at the very moment that, for a so-called Christian, but really infamous, purpose, he was trampling him under his feet?

This Society said, eighteen years ago, that no slaveholder in the American States, in this age of enlightenment, could be a Christian. The world cried "Fanaticism"! That was one end of the wire. That cry of indignant anti-slavery instinct, never retracted, never explained, never compromised, never softened, ringing through the clear air to-day, denying the Christian character of every man that holds himself on the heart of the slave—men said, "It is harsh." The bayonet is always harsh; but it was the sabre points of Percy and Pitcairne, it was the sword's point of Abercrombie, Howe and Rawdon, that forced the reluctant British soldiers up Bunker Hill the third time, and carried the rampart against Prescott and Putnam. It is the bayonet of Henry C. Wright, and Theodore Parker, and Wm. L. Garrison, that has forced Leonard Bacon and Ward Beecher, for the third time, against these ramparts of a prostituted Christianity, and almost carried them (enthusiastic applause). Just before 1831, when the Duke of Wellington feared that the British people meant to carry the Reform bill by numbers over the House of Lords, he sent word down to Lancashire, to some seven or eight thousand trusty guards, to "grind their swords." All I have to say to the people who call this anti-slavery denunciation harsh is this—I hope it will be "harsh as truth, and uncompromising as justice"; and if the bayonets are not sharp enough, Henry C. Wright—if the swords are not keen enough, William Lloyd Garrison—"*grind*" them! Force these reluctant Christians up to the rampart between them and the false Christianity which they are bound to unmask!

For me, the argument is simple. If this is vinegar, and I put chalk into it, there will be a storm; and if I am certain it is chalk, and when I drop it there is no agitation, then it is not vinegar. So when in a Christian Church, so-called, with forty thousand ministers, and an unmistakable, impeccable doctrine, I drop the awful sin of American slavery, if every living member does not rise up and seize it by the throat, it is no Church of Christ. Perhaps there are some who need a longer argument, a more detailed explanation; but Pitcairne and Howe, Percy and Rawdon did not stop to argue; they forced their men up to the onset. We mean to do the same.

Everything encourages us—everything! This Anti-Slavery movement commenced nigh thirty years ago, in an upper chamber, with twelve or fifteen men to launch it. It was like a whisper at the centre of the earth beneath Vesuvius. It gained strength and force and vigor, until the mountain sides began to quake. The people fly. The mountain smokes. Naples is alarmed. If you watch at midnight, you see sparks. Cushing thinks the State is floating into the Anti-Slavery office, and Wm. B. Reynolds fears that the Tract Society is to be crushed in beneath *The Liberator* press. Those are the sparks of Vesuvius. Beware! The first eruption that comes will leave a chasm at Mason and Dixon's line that no cheat of James Buchanan can bridge over; the first explosion that comes will leave a rent in the Tract Society that no compromise can solder up.

"Abstraction"—"words"!—Yes, but they grind granite, Capitol and iron army to dust in the end. Come and see us a year hence, three years hence, five years hence, and we shall then have forgotten this question of the Fugitive Slave law of Massachusetts, and gone forward to a new one. You doubt us to-day. Help us with your countenance, help us by your means, help us by fidelity to your own convictions, help us by doing yourselves justice at the ballot-box, and when your Legislature has met, the public opinion of Massachusetts will compel it to stereotype these applauding hearts into statutes. It will be a glorious day.

Charles Remond told us, a few months ago, that he met a man in Salem who was afraid to write Boston after his name in South Carolina. I am not afraid, but I have not the same pride now in writing Boston after my name that I once had. I want these pavements purged and cleansed. I want to see a lustration. I want a Mayor, and a Marshal, and a Major-General, that shall make me forget those that have been. I want Boston to atone for having given back two fugitives within ten years, by writing it on the forehead of her public life that the moment a fugitive touches her soil, no arm in the empire, or out of it, shall ever reduce him to slavery again (prolonged applause). The South makes a Constitution to suit herself; she has triumphed while we sit "*constitutionally*" idle. Despotism does great things illegally, liberty does nothing at all "*according to law.*" But let us amend this. Clutch the same power the South usurps; flare it in her face. Show her her own maxims carried into practice. Give us a fulcrum, if it be no larger than Massachusetts—a State consistent, determined, construing the Constitution for herself—and then, when that hour comes, when no slave that once reaches her soil shall ever return, the proudest jewels that the sons could add to the galaxy of brightness the labors of the fathers have grouped above us, redeeming the Commonwealth from the great mistake of our predecessors, would be to dig up from the two centuries of oblivion that glorious statute of 1646—there is not a nobler on the record of any Christian State—that one which said, "We welcome the fugitives from the oppression and tyranny of all governments, and promise them protection and support at the public expense." When Massachusetts goes back to that, we will cover up the blackness of Webster with the first Winthrop, he with whom the line went out, leaving no successor (applause)—we will cover it with the Carvers and Bradfords, with the old Puritans, the men who made Massachusetts worthy of the eulogy that Mr. Parker gave her—"the brain of the Union." They say we are full of "isms." Thank God, we are! Virginia raises tobacco, Ohio pork, Louisiana sugar, Pennsylvania iron; but Massachusetts exports *Ideas* (applause). She has always been "the brain of the Union." Extend her, if you please, and cover New England—we will take them all in. Full of isms!—yes, isms in everything; isms in Government, isms in the Church, isms in Reform. The State is full of them; let us thank God. While the others have been gathering into rich laps the harvests of the material world, the brain of New England has gone sounding on and on in the pathless voyage of discovery, and working out for the empire its noblest title to lead the van of progress in the nineteenth century.

Yes, she has done more than that. When the South wanted a leader, sagacious, strong and able enough to defeat New England, she had to lay hold of some of her exported product in a Douglas. It was a feather from the eagle's wing that killed him! It was a recreant son that was alone able to grapple with New England in the great contest of ideas; and if the schools and pulpits of New England had been true to their trade, the men that we send out to the South-West would not be purchaseable as the Douglasses and the Hammonds, who throw filth on their mothers, and do it but weakly, after all. If, instead of a Church that does not know what it means nor what it wants, we had a Church such as this anti-slavery enterprise is destined to give to New England, there would have been no Douglases, who, when they get to the end of their tether at Chicago, will turn back and pick at the breast that gave them blood. It is a proof that New England has never done her duty in the education of her sons. We have no right to find fault with the traitor Douglas, nor with the coward Everett—the man who woke up one morning, and found he had unfortunately signed a document without reading it, and suspected that, under the influence of medicine, he had done, unconsciously, a generous act! Ah! I blush for the blood of Massachusetts, that he should have been born among us! (Enthusiastic cheering.) Her soil is mostly granite, there is but little surface loam, and it does seem, after that letter of his, as if he could not dig a place deep enough to get into (applause). The frightened spaniel tells us, under his own signature, that he sent a note to the editors of the *Daily Advertiser*, to put them on their guard, and to have it placed on record, in case anybody should allude to his indiscretion—he sent two letters to friends in the Senate, to inform them of his mistake, in case reference should be made to it there—wrote half a dozen letters to friends in the South-West, in case the press there should touch upon it—and how many other copies of his "dying speech and confession" he deposited in different places to make certain that posterity should not suspect him, even under an opiate, of having sympathized with justice, I cannot tell (loud applause). Did ever a whipped hound show more trembling anxiety to run no risk of ever being suspected of having peeped or muttered against the dictates of the Great Slavocracy! Why does he not place on record, in our registry of deeds, an apology for a long, free breath? And yet he was a Massachusetts Governor, a Massachusetts Senator, and he is truly the representative man, the mould into which the Professors at yonder University run all the young genius that they can catch (applause). The shape which he originally impressed upon the purpose of Harvard is not yet broken; and you may travel a thousand miles West, and when you hear that balanced period, see that quivering finger, and hear that heartless self-abasement, you may know you have caught a Cambridge man, fresh from the Everett mint (loud applause). But the old graves of Plymouth have a richer soil, Bunker Hill has a greener sod, the loam of the Connecticut Valley has a stronger life, and Massachusetts shall yet echo back the vigorous and hearty patriotism of Sam Adams, and John Adams, and Paul Revere, and the patriots of that age, who thought they had a country worth dying for, and dared to die for it. It will come. Massachusetts will yet catch up the world-renowned answer of Sam Adams, when he went home one evening, and found a slave girl sitting by his hearth, and was told by his wife she was the gift of a neighbor, "Wife, when she crossed that door-sill, she was free"! Massachusetts, I say, will catch up the echoes of the glorious principle, and put it on the statute book: "Sam Adams's door-sill is no more sacred than the limits of the Commonwealth. We extend his parlor to Berkshire" (loud and prolonged applause).

FREE SPEECH AT THE SOUTH.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: With your permission I will state, through the columns of your paper, a circumstance or two which occurred to me while travelling in the South, during the month of April last. The statement, in connection with others of a similar nature, may contribute something, it is hoped, toward a proper understanding of the views and feelings which govern the public mind of that portion of our country with regard to the institution of slavery, and to the rights of American citizenship as they stand related to that institution, or are adapted by their exercise to exert an adverse influence upon it.

It requires but little experience of life in the slave States to be thoroughly convinced that, in spite of the Constitutional prohibition restraining Congress from making any law "abridging the freedom of speech or of the press," there is really a power above Congress and the Constitution, in that quarter of the Republic, which denounces pains and penalties upon every one who dares to express his disapproval of the system of slavery. A Northern man who visits the South must expect to hear the subject discussed, for it is there, even more than here, the great topic of remark, and he cannot well avoid the observations and inquiries which are addressed to him with the obvious intention of eliciting a response. But he must remember that the subject is *there* expected to be discussed *only on one side*. If he should have pro-slavery opinions, he may express them, and he will find them at once a passport to favor. But if his opinions happen to be of the opposite kind, he must keep them to himself, unless he should court an invitation to leave the premises, or the compliment of a monitory committee, or the rather too assiduous attentions of a Southern mob. The truth is, so far as the institution of slavery is concerned, there is no such thing in the South as freedom of speech. In this respect, at least, the slavery of the blacks has involved the great mass of the whites in the same degradation; for a man cannot there exercise any independence of thought—or, if he does, he cannot say that his thoughts are his own without exposing himself to personal loss or danger. The conclusion to which I was strongly drawn, by my own experience and observation, was that in the Southern States, on the sea-board, especially those below Virginia, the negroes and the whites, *so far as relates to the enjoyment of free speech*, were all slaves together.

On the 5th of April last, while travelling for the sole object of health and recreation, I arrived in the city of Augusta, Ga., and took up my quarters at the Planters' Hotel. After spending a week there very pleasantly, for the hotel is admirably kept by a Northern man, and enjoying the acquaintance and hospitality of friends whose kindness I shall never forget, an incident occurred which made a strong impression upon my mind.

I was one day conversing at the dinner-table with a literary gentleman who had resided abroad for several years, when a person at my right hand, perceiving, from some casual remark, that I was a Northern man, turned to me and inquired if that was my first visit to the South. Having answered him in the affirmative, he wished to know what were my impressions. I stated them as politely as I could, with the designed omission of some particulars which had not struck me very pleasantly, as I did not wish to say anything that might be offensive to him. He thereupon asked me explicitly whether I had changed my opinions in regard to slavery. The question was a plain one, and I gave it the plain, though I trust good-natured, answer, that I had. He said it was common for Northern men to change their opinions on visiting the South, and to look upon slavery with greater favor, at the same time taking the opportunity to ask me whether I had changed mine for the better or the worse. I told him, for the worse. He seemed surprised at that, but remarked that it was universally the case that those persons who removed from the North and took up their permanent residence in the South became very partial to the institution. I suggested a doubt as to the universality of the change to which he referred, as I myself knew a number of cases in which it had not occurred.

The suggestion seemed to excite him, and he launched into a vigorous denunciation of those Northern men—"beggars and paupers," as he called them—who came to the South, and, after making a fortune there, turned around and slandered her institutions. After a brief pause, for I did not think it worth while to reply, he added, that if the North did not cease this agitation of the slavery question, it would result, by and by, in a civil war. I ventured to hint that the North, in my humble judgment, was not responsible for the agitation, and begged him to inform me who it was that repealed the Missouri Compromise and thus hoisted the flood-gates of angry discussion. He admitted that it was done by the South, but urged in defence that the Missouri Compromise was unconstitutional. I reminded him that John C. Calhoun, the great statesman of the South, entertained a different opinion, and, at the time the bill passed, wrote an argument in which he demonstrated its constitutionality.*

After another pause of a moment or two, he made the final remark that slavery could *never* be abolished; that there were some kinds of work which white men could not do, and which none but negroes could. I replied that I was not prepared to admit that the negro race was superior to the Anglo-Saxon race in any respect, either physically or intellectually.

Here the conversation dropped. Dinner being over, we left the table, and, being interested in something else, I dismissed the whole matter from my thoughts. In less than an hour and a half from that time, however, a gentleman—not the one with whom I had had the conversation—called me aside and stated that I had given great offence by some opinions which I had expressed at the table, and that a committee of citizens had been appointed to inform me that I must not express any more such sentiments while in that city.

I need scarcely say that I was both surprised and indignant to find myself called in question and threatened with the attentions of a Committee, for no other reason than that I had returned a sincere and courteous answer to inquiries and remarks which had been offered to me, of his own accord, by a citizen of the place. I stated to the gentleman who had called me aside that all I had said had been uttered in reply to the solicitations of the person who had commenced the conversation; and that he might say to the Committee for me that whatever conscientious convictions I might have on that or any other subject, if a suitable opportunity presented itself, and I felt so disposed, I should express them both there and elsewhere, without the least regard to what they might think or do; and further, that I considered it a great piece of impertinence in them to attempt to prevent me from expressing my opinion on a mere matter of politics or physiology, especially as it had been solicited by a citizen of the place.

I heard no more of the Committee till two or three days after this, when I was told by a gentleman in the cars at Branchville, South Carolina, that such a Committee had been appointed in Augusta, a day or two previously, to wait upon a Northern Abolitionist, and notify him that he must leave the city. So ended my first lesson on the peculiarities of Southern society.

From Augusta I went on to Aiken, S. C., thence to Columbia, the capital of the State, and, after staying a short time in each of these two places, proceeded to Charlotte, in Mecklenburg County, N. C.

Here another circumstance occurred which gave me a still clearer idea of the Austrian repression which slavery exerts upon the sentiments of the whites. I was one day invited to walk out with a couple of gentlemen to take a view of the gold mine in the vicinity of the town. After making our visit, and while returning to the hotel where I put up, my friends took me into an

citizens of a town to send the Marshal for the purpose of summoning a peaceable stranger to leave the place at m dnight because his opinion does not coincide with theirs —and which, when he refuses to go, sends a mob of thirty or forty rowdies, with the Marshal at their head, to intimidate a single unarmed man, and by menace and bravado to force him into compliance with their demands. If this is Southern chivalry, then the less the country has of it the better. If this is the gallant spirit of the South, then the day cannot come too soon when the blessed exorcism of Christian truth and free principles shall cast out the malignant demon, and give us back our Southern countrymen clothed and in their right mind. Whether the system of slavery, in which this spirit lives and moves and has its being, is one for which an enlightened and Christian people ought to apologize, or which it is desirable to extend, may be easily determined by the application of that maxim of unquestioned truth, "Wherefore, by its fruits ye shall know it." J. A. T.

Tarrytown, N. Y.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1858

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard*, 138 *Nassau street, New York*."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti Slavery Standard*, 138 *Nassau street, New York*."

THE WORLD'S FIRST BUSINESS.

THE essential nature and condition of life is growth; and hence the first thing in life to be done is to remove hindrances. Hence it is that freedom is an inalienable birthright.

There is a universal reason for this American principle. Our glorious political Freedom—consequence of religious Liberty—was not an invention of our great Forefathers; it was merely the discovery which a hundred and fifty years of unimpeded mental growth enabled them to make. Every kindred and nation, in one way or another, stumbles upon it, sometimes with too little strength and cultivation to carry it out. Every individual human being begins true life and equal, healthy growth with the discovery that he too must have room, and straightway begins to undo restraints and remove obstacles.

In *this* work, he finds all other men his brothers. It is not a tradition, nor a creed, nor a dogma; men differ in these things: but every man would like to have his own way.

Here, a little previous thought and precaution are requisite; for he can only have as much of it as comports with others also having theirs. From this fact grows the fiction of the "social contract," and the indispensable necessity of knowing what human nature really is. The European nations, from which our free people have descended, are groping after the amount of knowledge which we Americans are born to. The greater is our condemnation that, rejoicing in privileges yet unattained by any other people—in obstacles removed and powers in exercise—the great mass of us abuse our privileges to our own exceeding injury, destroying our faculties and dwarfing our whole nature, by using them to the deadly wrong, the hindrance of others, in casting upon them the obstructing paralysis of slavery. And thus we furnish despotism with its one argument.

Even the few of our Americans who see and feel their true position and obligations are too apt to see them selfishly. As Abolitionists they are standing in the front rank—on a ground foremost in position and fundamental in universal importance; and they feel justly entitled to call on the whole world for support and succor.

But, in thus doing, one should never forget that it is no less an obligation (and *more* a blessing) to give than to receive; and how many of us are there who remember to give the time, thought, sympathy, assistance to another's cause that we never hesitate to demand for our own—for the slave's?

We are wont, for example, to receive, from time to time, not without gratitude and heartfelt acknowledgment, invaluable aid, both in a pecuniary sense and through the inestimable weight of opinion furnished in our favor, by those to whose wisdom the world bows and before the warmth of whose sympathy its opposition melts away: to how many of us does it occur to enter as we should do into their feelings, to understand their circumstances, to help them in their difficulties, to honor their devotedness, to hail their triumphs? They are transacting their special share of the world's great business, and bearing their especial brunt of the world's great battle, all this while that they have been sending their souls into ours; and shall we not qualify ourselves to send them an intelligent sympathy, and exercise in their behalf, the world over, the power of a just opinion?

There is the Liberal in Italy—the Republican in France—the Emancipator in Russia—the Reformer in England—what do we know of their past lives, or their present circumstances, struggles, sufferings and successes? About all these things we are at the mercy of every penny-paragraph and five-dollar Foreign letter that the daily political papers scrape together subscribers withal.

Censorship: how many of us know what that word means in France, and how it strikes at reputation and precludes self-defence? Ministry of public instruction and worship: how many can guess how heavily these words fall upon our anti-slavery coadjutors, the Protestant Christians beneath the eaves of the Luxembourg? What American Abolitionist—nay, what American slaveholding politician, trained, like a bird of prey, to look afar, as he may be—reads intelligently the little string of telegraphic messages to the daily newspapers from the British steamer down at Halifax or Sandy Hook? How many know whether to be glad or sorry while they watch the two India Bills at loggerheads, or hear the outcry to make India a Crown Colony? "The question of Church-rates is up again!" cries the Persia or the Arabia to Boston and New York. Who, of us, not being a "Friend," or following some professional career, really knows tythes from church-rates?

What *are* church-rates? They are a provision by which persons in Great Britain who are nonconformists and dissenters from the National Church as by law established—persons already burdened with heavy impositions for the support of Archbishops, Archdeacons and Episcopal palaces (the curacies may go unnumbered), to preach things they do not wish to have preached—persons who perchance make no protest, but pay—pay—pay, for the same reason that Free-Soilers here pay their taxes, because the things they do like are so mixed, governmentally, with the things they do not like that they cannot, short of revolution, see their way out of the difficulty—persons for intelligence and worth second to none in the realm—are, in addition to all this, loaded with the repairing, maintaining and restoring the body of the church, the belfry, spire and tower, inclosure, church-yard fences, bells, seats, ornaments and expenses of service!

These are church-rates: and they amount to three shillings in the pound. These our British friends, both among dissenters and churchmen, consider a wrong. Pecuniarily, they are spoliation; spiritually, they are a blow struck at the very head and life of Freedom—the rights of conscience in things invisible. This brings them home to our business and bosoms as Abolitionists: for the slave's chain is but the grosser exponent of the thraldom that claims the church-vassal.

And this our British coadjutors have borne or resisted with the suspicion strong upon their minds that it was illegal as well as unjust; since, looking back through the centuries from Pope Gregory, and the statutes in the times of Edmund, and Ethelred, and Edgar, and Canute, and even till after the Norman conquest, it is not till the thirteenth century that he finds the clergy relieved of this imposition, and the burden saddled upon the parishioners.

He finds that the great legal authorities, Lord COKE, Lord CAMPBELL, Lord DENMAN and others, who have conjectured, and examined, and explained, overhauling the Harleian manuscripts and other collections, are of opinion that in the beginning (before the Church got so much out of repair, *par exemple*) it was not as it now is. As the buildings crumbled, it began to slide into a custom to relieve the Clergy at the cost of the Laity; till at length, as Lyndwade and other ecclesiastical writers say, the refusal of the minority to obey the majority was met by a penalty of spiritual censure and excommunication, and in George the Third's time (Stat. 53) by imprisonment.

Now, what is the *criterion*?—that is to say, on what principle do the authorities levy these church-rates? They go to competent assessors on the value of parish property, and inquire upon what amount of property a person pays poor-rates; glebe land (ecclesiastical landed property), crown land and church buildings are excepted; and so, too, is stock in trade, unless in certain specified cases.

All this matter, so vexing to dissenters, and so good for the growth of dissent, is a matter about which English Ministers have gone in and out of power during the last quarter of a century, and about which churchmen themselves are by no means unanimous, members of the same family taking different views; the father, it may be, rallying in the Commons the resistance to the abolition of Church-rates, which the son is addressing popular meetings to procure.

The matter was approached by Lord Althorp, Chancellor of the Exchequer under Lord Grey's government, in 1834, with a bill for the abolition of Church-rates, providing for repairs by charging them upon consols. This the dissenters opposed, as a mere change of names for a burden still to fall upon them. Next, Spring Rue, Chancellor of the Exchequer under Lord Melbourne's government, proposed to make the Superior clergy do the repairs out of the revenue of the Church lands. Church opposition frustrated this.

But in 1837 arose a champion who did not the work negligently—SAMUEL COURTAULD, Esq., of Braintree, Norfolk; and he carried on this contest against the three shillings in the pound rate, assessed by the church-wardens upon the people, for repairs.

His name will never cease to be honored, not only by those who, worshipping in the depths of their souls, need no temples made with hands, nor even with the old Persian and the later Nazarene,

"To seek high mountains, there apart to pray,"

but by all of every faith who would take joyfully the spoiling of their goods, if so they might spare posterity the compulsory burden of fanes raised to any faith not its own.

All classes and conditions of men hail such names with honor and with joy, from all in their own land whose spirits are blistered by the perpetual annoyance of being called upon to pay the washing and starching bills that make every decent curate's clean surplice an emblem of their own bondage, to all in other lands whose natures are in the training of some other department of the world's great service that is perfect freedom. Such persons and such service will be held in everlasting remembrance.

Samuel Courtauld and his friends fought every inch of the perplexed way through half-a-dozen ecclesiastical and other courts, the very names of which are Greek and Latin to the people of another country.

The Consistory Court decided for the church-wardens. Thereupon, Courtauld and his friends moved for a prohibition in the Queen's Bench, and obtained it. Then the church-wardens appealed to the Exchequer Chamber and were again beaten. The Lord Chief-Justice (Tyndal) expressing a doubt as to what effect it might have had on the decision if the church-wardens had consulted the Vestry, and been sustained by a minority of that body, the church-wardens thereupon, by consulting the Vestry, put themselves in the condition to take the benefit of the Judge's doubt, and sent the case to trial again. Again the rate was resisted, and the case lost in the Consistory Court, but won in the Court of Arches. The parishioners applied for another prohibition in Queen's Bench, but failed to obtain it. They appealed to the Exchequer Chamber (a Court composed of the Judges of all the different courts), and were again defeated. Then they appealed to the House of Lords, who called in the assistance of the Judges, and, having had the matter fully argued before them, decided that a rate, to be legal, must be made by a majority. All these sixteen years Mr. Courtauld was chairman of the Committee that conducted the opposition. This proceeding had an enormous effect. It cleared, beyond possibility of a doubt, the state of the law. The Committee had always declared such to be its state, but it was denied by the opponents, who declared that church-rates were a binding obligation. All *that* notion is now swept away. A church-rate is a tax, to be dealt with like other taxes, and legalized, like other taxes, by the sanction of the majority; or abolished, if found unjust, as all church-rates must confessedly be, now that England has more dissenters than churchmen.

It was on these considerations that Sir William Clay introduced his bill for the abolition of church-rates throughout the kingdom; and the multiplying cases of resistance to them render it every day more probable that the struggle in which our English coadjutors are engaged will, at no distant day, be successful.

The amount in question is equal to about a million and a half of dollars annually. It is raised for the convenience and benefit of churchmen; while many churchmen feel that on them alone ought to fall the obligation to sustain their own service, and repair their own churches and cathedrals.

When the Committee on the Braintree Church-rate case met, some time after the favorable decision in the House of Lords, to "settle up," they felt that a public expression of gratitude was due to him who had been the life and soul of the movement. No taunts of miserly meanness or political purposes ever threw their champion off his guard. To his nice tact, fine temper, practiced wisdom and unflinching resolution they felt that they mainly owed their victory. They therefore directed a piece of testimonial plate to be modelled by TOLEY, and executed in dead silver of six hundred ounces weight, costing seven hundred guineas, instantly supplied by public subscription—engraven with the following words:

"Presented, by the friends of Religious Liberty, to SAMUEL COURTAULD, Esq., in commemoration of the wisdom, courage and public spirit with which he conducted the Braintree Church-rate contest, through sixteen years of litigation, from 1837 to 1853, and finally established the necessity of a vote in vestry to legalize a rate, and the right of a majority to negative its imposition."

Unfolding the London newspapers of the latest arrivals, we find the subject rising afresh. The Society of Friends, always true to this aspect of religious liberty, is now illustrated by the fidelity of one mote of its members. Mr. CROSSFIELD, of Ambleside, partner of a commercial house in Liverpool, appeared by counsel before the bench of magistrates of his neighborhood, declaring that he refuses to pay the rate and shall fight every inch of the ground.

We all know—all the world knows—HARRIET MARTINEAU, and that a battle was never waged in any clime for righteous law or righteous liberty and her soul not there. Reluctantly, as one dreading, in her precarious condition, the agitation and inconvenience of litigation, yet unhesitatingly, as in obedience to an undoubted call of duty to stand by her neighbor in the support of the righteous cause, she sent her counsel to the magistrates to make a courteous declaration of her purposes also; and there the matter for the present rests. We shall keep watch of these matters, in Parliament and in the homes of our British coadjutors, and report from time to time of their progress in the removal of their obstructions and the attainment of their Freedom.

CORRECTION AND APOLOGY.—In THE STANDARD of Oct. 17th, 1857, we published a letter from GERRIT SMITH, correcting certain erroneous statements respecting his views of the scheme of Compensation, contained in an article from *The Free Presbyterian*, which had appeared in our columns the previous week. In commenting upon that letter we undesignedly put a wrong construction upon one sentence, interpreting it as a complaint that we had not published certain of his speeches and writings, when he only meant to complain that we had not remembered what those writings contained on the subject of Compensation, and had not inferred therefrom that the current reports of his sayings at Cleveland were false. In consequence of this error, we afterwards had some correspondence with Mr. Smith, which was interrupted by his severe illness, causing us, for reasons that we need not now state, to defer the correction which justice to him demanded at our hands. Mr. Smith, after his recovery, wrote us as follows: "I confess that I should like to have had you correct the error at the time, but as the matter is now forgotten by your readers, it may perhaps better be left to sleep. Of that you will judge." Concurring in this intimation, we left the matter to sleep accordingly. Circumstances, however, of recent occurrence, have convinced us that we erred in judgment in postponing the correction even for a single week; and now we desire thus publicly to express our deep regret in view of a mistake which, however unintentional on our part, was unjust to Mr. Smith, and which, we fear, wounded his feelings.

FAIR PLAY FOR MERCHANTS.

GREAT complaint has been made of the *merchants* who, at the meetings of the Tract Society in this city, were clamorous and turbulent, unwilling to hear argument upon a matter in regard to which *their* minds were already made up, and demanding the vote (in which they were well assured that a great majority of the assembly agreed with themselves) that they might be released and go to their other and ordinary business.

We do not write to defend the conduct of those men. They committed the very great error of attempting to suppress freedom of discussion. Well aware as they were that their side would be victorious, that a great majority of the Society, both at large and as represented in that house, were determined to uphold the "management," and that this majority, as well as themselves, were utterly indifferent to such considerations as the minority would present (so that the only result, *to them*, of allowing free speech to the minority, would be the loss of some hours of pecuniarily precious time, while the final vote would be the same in either case), the right of the minority to be heard seemed to them as nothing. This, certainly, was a very great error, a very great fault. Nor is it an excuse for these stifiers of debate to say that they were irritated by the obvious disregard shown by the minority, who wished to talk, to the wishes of the great majority, who were in haste to go to their business or pleasure elsewhere, but *must* stay for the vote, to uphold and reelect the wise and faithful officers of the Society.

We admit, then, that the clamorous portion of the majority, who insisted on voting without debate, and who attempted to silence their opponents by tumult, were in the wrong: but we do not see it to be right to attribute this error to them specially as *merchants*, as *business men*, as *the mercantile element* in the Society. A different origin for the characteristics in question, of suppression of freedom of speech, and of unscrupulous disregard of the rights of a minority, may, we think, be not only found, but proved, by both negative and positive evidence.

Negatively, the assemblies for the transaction of mercantile business, the meetings of merchants *as merchants*, do not *generally* exhibit this character. If there be, now and then, a stormy session at the brokers' board, these cases form a very small proportion of all the meetings at which business men meet for the settlement of matters relating to trade. These matters are usually quietly adjusted, without any unfairness obvious to the world which reads, at its tea-table, the reports of their proceedings.

We have, then, to inquire in what other school, amidst what other associations, may these same persons have probably learned the characteristics which were displayed in the New York Tract Meeting? And the reply is obvious. In the Tract Society itself, ever since its formation, and in the Churches of the popular American religion, out of which the Tract Society grew, these two characteristics, of *suppression of freedom of speech*, and *disregard of the rights of a minority*, have been constant and uniform. If they are not often seen by the public, it is partly because the public, being under the tuition of the leaders of these bodies, the clergy, has been educated into an unreasoning reverence for them which precludes examination, and partly because the minority, having, thus, the prejudices both of the Church and the world against them, generally choose rather to submit to wrong in silence than to make a stand for their rights. We repeat it. The majority in the Tract Society, who pressed for a vote without any hearing of the minority, merely exemplified the spirit of their education, all their lives long, in the pro-slavery Tract Society and the pro-slavery American Church!

It has been said, indeed, and proved for aught we know, that life-members were manufactured, by some dishonest process, to act at the meeting above-mentioned, and secure the administration against a possible representation of the minority in the *meeting* larger than it proportionably holds in the *Society*. But since an analysis of the vote has shown that this element could not possibly have caused the result, that these votes were but a small proportion of the majority, we may leave them out of the question, not to mention the fact that, even if admitted, they will be found homogeneous in character with the rest of the majority.

The great majority in the Tract Society, like the entire body of the Church, consists of *pious* persons; of church-members; of persons who have all their lives been accustomed to consider the Church as the salt of the earth and the light of the world, and to regard slaveholders and defenders of slavery as perfectly satisfactory constituents of it. It must be remembered that the talk against slavery, about which we now hear so much, is a new thing, comparatively, in the Church, and still newer in the Tract Society. The Abolitionists have been opposing slavery for twenty-eight years. During the first half of that time, as always before, there was not even a minority in the Church opposed to slavery. The few scattered individuals who, during that period, were converted by the Abolitionists to *practical* Christianity, either soon excommunicated the Church, coming out from her and shaking off the dust of their feet against her, or were excommunicated by her, as troublers of the *peace* of their Zion. Until within fourteen years, there were not enough in the Church to be called a minority, of persons opposed *in any way* to slavery. And, up to the present time, there has not been, in the Church, enough to be called a minority, of men disposed to demand purity, and to sacrifice unity and peace for the sake of sustaining it. That minority in the Church which impudently calls itself "anti-slavery," with an energetic protest that *abolitionism* must not be imputed to it, consists, almost entirely, of men who care nothing about slavery, and have no disposition to oppose it, but who, to ward off the reproach of pro-slavery character which is beginning to be felt injuriously by the Church, and desirous to compromise, and meet the slaveholders half-way, offering, like Henry Ward Beecher, acquiescent silence in regard to Kentucky, if they will withdraw slavery from Kansas. The minority, we say, both in the Church and the Tract Society, is no better than this; while the majority, in both, see no reason for meddling with slavery at all.

Now, how have these two Associations, the Tract Society and the Church, always treated their own minorities? we mean the minority of members in either who conscientiously hold opinions varying from the majority in regard to faith, or practice, or both? They have uniformly trampled down their rights, refused them a hearing, and crushed them by strength without the slightest regard to justice.

In regard to each of these, the Tract Society and the Church, we will give one or two specifications of evidence.

It is well known that some Christians among the sects of which the Tract Society is composed practise dancing as a means of exercise and recreation in their families, teach it to their children, and consider the use of it not only legitimate, according to the Christian rule, but highly beneficial.

It is equally well known that other Christians, members in good standing in the same Churches, hold, in regard to the Sabbath, the views taught by the Right Rev. Richard Whately,* Archbishop of Dublin—namely, that the Sabbath observance taught in the Old Testament was a Jewish institution merely, designed for the Jews only, and imposing no duty whatever upon any but Jews; and, moreover, that the new Testament not only makes no provision for a continuance of Sabbatical observance, (with or without a "change of the day"), but clearly and unequivocally *abrogates* the whole institution, so that *nothing in the letter or spirit of the Bible requires Christians to observe a Sabbath.*

Now, what we say is that the Christians in the Tract Society who hold these views, and hold them as conscientiously as the majority hold theirs, have never been allowed to express their own ideas upon these points in the tracts or periodical publications of the Society, or in the "religious newspapers" (so-called) conducted by its clerical friends, nor even to reply, in any of these, to the gross and calumnious falsehoods which have, many times, appeared in them all, in relation to the points in question, and to the minority, who believe in them.

In plain words, the Tract Society has always taken the liberty to publish about some controverted points, has always used gross and impudent falsehoods in defence of its side of these controverted points, and has always refused opportunity of reply to these falsehoods before the same audience, *because* the replies related to "controverted points."

As to the Church, we will content ourselves (for the present) with a single instance of her tyrannical suppression of the rights of a minority.

When, many years ago, a member of the Essex street Church in Boston—under the wolfish care of the Rev. Nehemiah (afterwards South-side) Adams—found that he was not allowed to speak against slavery in the church-meetings of that body, he gave notice to the Rev. clergyman in question that he intended to withdraw from the Church. At the church-meeting where this matter was to be acted on, the withdrawing member rose to state his case, but Parson Adams told him he did not wish him to speak. At the close of the meeting, the Parson requested the Examining Committee and the withdrawing member to remain, and then gave *his* version of the case to them, still saying that he did not consider it proper for the withdrawing member to speak. Even at the final church-meeting, when the case of this withdrawing member was brought up to be voted on by the Church, he was stopped in the course of his statement, first by objections of individuals, who were unwilling to hear his charges against the Church, next by Parson Adams himself, who said he *should not speak another word*, unless the Church voted to permit him, and finally by the action of the Church itself, three-fourths of the meeting voting that he should not proceed any further. And after having thus silenced him, this Church proceeded to pass against him a vote of excommunication, or a form of withdrawal of their fellowship from him, though he had, weeks before, taken himself out of their communion by a withdrawal of *his* fellowship *from them*.

Such is the contemptuous disregard of the rights of minorities, practised in the Church and Tract Society! In these bodies, the minority, especially if a small or feeble one, is not recognized as having any rights at all. It is put down, ridden over, trampled under foot.

The Tract Society is the legitimate child of the pro-slavery American Church. All the persons who have ever joined have done so to promote the interests of the Church. If new members have been fraudulently made, it has been for the same reason. Those who fraudulently offered themselves as members (in preparation for the vote at the late annual meeting), and the officers of the Tract Society who fraudulently received them, alike did these things to uphold the pro-slavery Church, through the pro-slavery administration of the Tract Society. They feel an equal interest in both, and for the same reason. These new-comers, as well as the old (and genuine) life-members, whose Jehu-like "zeal for the Lord" so excited the ire of the defeated minority, were probably church-members and undoubtedly "pious." The organs of the minority themselves seem to admit this, *The Independent* calling the stormy demonstrations of the Tract Meeting "a disgrace *to Christianity*"; *!!!* the *Congregational Herald* declaring them "such as have yet characterized no *Christian assembly* out of New York"; and the *Presbyterian of the West* pronouncing that "Such demonstrations in an assembly of *Christian men*, deliberating on the interests of a great Christian Institution, are mortifying in the extreme."

Can we wonder, then, that men educated in the Church, and familiar with that disregard of the rights of the minority which is uniformly practised both in that body and in the Tract Society, should have acted upon this rule on the important crisis lately experienced in the Annual Meeting of that Society? Can we wonder that, finding the will of the majority met by unwonted opposition, they should proceed to execute that will as promptly and imperatively as if there had been *no* opposition? Surely, the *church* element fully explains this feature of the meeting, without resorting to the hypothesis of a "mercantile" element.

* "Essays on some of the Difficulties in the Writings of St. Paul." v. Essay on "The Abrogation of the Law," and a long note to that Essay in relation to "The Sabbath."

A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

IN an article under this head we took occasion, some time since, to expose the character of a certain John Wolfe, a colored man, late of Harrisburg, Pa., who was going about raising money under the false pretence of starting a paper to be devoted to the interests of his race. Our article attracted the attention, at the time, of one of our subscribers in Delaware County, Pa., who has since sent us the following letter, by which it appears that this wily impostor had been practising his arts with some success in that part of the country:

RESPECTED FRIEND: Having seen a notice in THE STANDARD of March 20th, headed, "A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing," I feel it my duty to say that the same "*Wolf*" came to this County (Delaware) about three years ago, for the ostensible purpose of getting subscribers to a newspaper he was about to start, but I believe his real object was to impose upon and get money from those who are willing at all times to lend a helping hand to any scheme that may tend to elevate and improve the condition of the colored man.

He met with pretty good success, and fleeced some of us handsomely. I subscribed for *two*, and, if necessary, I could mention the names of several, each of whom subscribed for *one* paper, and paid him the price of subscription. Some of us received one copy of "The New Republic" (that was the name of the paper) about six months afterwards, and that was the last we heard of him or his grand enterprise, until we saw the said notice in your paper.

My motive in writing is to prove that what THE STANDARD has already stated is true, that he is "totally unworthy of credit," and I think it is high time that a stop was put to his "*fleecing*" operations. H. S.

This man Wolfe, it appears, carries with him letters of recommendation from men of known respectability—one being from the Rev. Dr. Dewitt, of Harrisburg. Does Dr. Dewitt know the character of the man whom he has recommended? Was he induced to give him this letter because he represented himself as a friend to Colonization? And had he not better revoke the recommendation which he so injudiciously bestowed?

THE WAR BUBBLE, which some of the Republican leaders lately united with the Sham Democracy in blowing up, has burst, as every sensible man knew it would. The latest advices from England give assurance that the British government will make prompt reparation for any outrages, or improprieties, that may have been committed by British officers in the effort to put down the piratical slave trade. The object which that government has in view is so honorable and praiseworthy that every American sea-captain should rejoice to give it his aid; and it is a shame that while the American flag is used to cover the trade in human flesh, American politicians should be unwilling to unite with that government in the measures by which alone the abuse can be detected. In all the history of governments there never was a more disgraceful spectacle than that lately presented by the American Congress in threatening a war with Great Britain to give immunity to pirates and slave-traders in the use of the American flag. *The Times*, commenting upon the late news from Great Britain, says:

"It may be very gratifying, but it is certainly a little mortifying, to see with what provoking coolness and common sense John Bull treats our boisterous complaints about his visiting our ships. After the splendid and heroical passion we had worked ourselves into, it is rather humiliating to be 'let down' so quietly. We were all quite determined to go to war with England, if it should be necessary, to maintain the honor and immunity of our flag. That brilliant and reliable sheet, *The Herald*, had labored day after day, with furious energy and characteristic accuracy, to prove that a war with England would be the greatest possible blessing for this country. Col. Keitt, of South Carolina, had predicted the instant downfall of the British Empire—upon the firing of the first gun—and both political parties were striving to out-bellow and out-brag each other in the words of war with Great Britain. The whole Continent was standing agape to hear what the British Press and the British Parliament would say to all this talk.

"The response, we must repeat, is a little mortifying. John Bull takes very little notice of the matter, but intimates pretty plainly that we are a good deal more scared than hurt. He hasn't been touching our vessels—and if any of his officers have, they shall be punished for it. This is the tenor of the reports we get from British officials in every quarter. First, Lord Napier told us so. Then the Admiral of the Gulf Squadron, and the British Consul at Havana, repeated the statements. Now the Bermuda *Royal Gazette* tells us the same thing. And, as the climax of all, the organ of the Ministry in Parliament says that no visitation of American vessels has been authorized, nor will any such unjust proceedings be allowed."

THE CHIVALRY OF THE SOUTH is strikingly illustrated by the narrative of "J. A. T.," on the first page. The writer is understood to be the Rev. J. A. TODD, minister of the Reformed Dutch Church in Tarrytown—a man in no way identified hitherto with the Abolitionists, but evidently possessing no small measure of their spirit of independence and firmness. We commend his narrative to our readers as affording fresh evidence of the irreconcilable hostility between slavery and freedom, and illustrating the axiom that he who puts a chain upon his brother necessarily fastens one end thereof about his own neck. We are often told that slaveholders are sincere in professing to believe that slavery is right in itself and sanctioned in the Bible. Why then is a slaveholding community filled with excitement and rage by the presence of a man from the North who whispers a word against the system? Conscience makes cowards of them all.

COLORPHOBIA IN A LITERARY CONGRESS.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

A FEW months ago, an effort was made to unite all the Literary Societies in Philadelphia, by means of a Congress, to consist of delegates from the different associations favorable to the movement. Ten Societies responded to the call and elected representatives, when an organization was effected and officers elected. The subject of admitting new Societies early came up for consideration, by the application of the Catholic Philopatrean Institute for admission. After some opposition, occasioned, in part, by the fact that they were exclusively Catholic in their membership, they were admitted upon the ground that the Congress should prescribe no tests other than literary ones upon candidates for admission.

At the first meeting of the Congress after it had thus defined its position in relation to new members, an application was received from a Colored Society, the Banneker Institute, desiring a representation in the body. The subject was referred to the Committee on Admissions, who, after visiting them as prescribed in the Constitution, unanimously reported in favor of the application. A motion was instantly made by J. G. Thompson, of the Ciceronian, that the report be agreed to. He argued that the Congress had already declared that no qualification should be demanded other than that the Society applying should be a truly literary one and respectable in its character. The Banneker, he said, was fully up to this test, and its delegates would not be put to shame by any upon the floor. He asked the delegates to show by their votes that in the pursuit of knowledge they had also acquired that refinement which would raise them above the petty and grovelling prejudices of the ignorant and degraded.

Mr. William Dunn, of the St. John's (Catholic), although instructed to vote against the Banneker, nobly refused to do so, even though he might be expelled for his contumacy. He ably advocated the claims of colored men, and declared his recognition of the "Universal Brotherhood of Man." Mr. Charles Campbel, of the same Society, relieved himself of a little spite against his colleague, and made some disgusting allusions to "niggers," proving that he was not elevated above even the lowest of them. He thought he would be disgraced by sitting on the same bench with the Banneker delegates, and, after this exhibition of himself, no doubt the feeling was a mutual one.

Charles H. Adams agreed with his colleague, Mr. Thompson, on the question of the legal right of the Banneker to admission. He reminded the Congress that they were now debating the question which was convulsing the nation, and that the signs of the times pointed to the near approach of the day when the equality of man would be something more than a name.

Mr. Garner made some silly remarks about the "God-marked distinction of race," alluding to the cranium of the Africans as a proof it. He was effectually demolished by a few contemptuous sentences from Dr. Allen, who pointed out the falsehood and ignorance of the theory. Several speeches were made by Mr. Corcoran and others in favor, and Mr. Davis and Conard in opposition, after which a vote was taken, which resulted

In favor of admission,	13
Against,	11

As it required two-thirds to admit, the Banneker was rejected.

Mr. Newport, Chairman of the Committee, voted *nay*, under instructions. Much surprise was experienced by the friends of Mr. Hawkins, the President, and Mr. Conard, in witnessing their course on the question. Mr. Conard has taken an active interest in the success of the Congress, and, for fear that it might be injured, he voted in a manner that his conscience will not suffer him to forget. Mr. Hawkins is a Republican and a Quaker, and it was thought he would not belie both his convictions of right and his early education, but he disappointed these hopes of his true friends. The Ciceronian was the only Society which instructed their delegates to vote for the Banneker, and that not because they needed it, but that it might bear its testimony unmistakably in favor of humanity and justice.

Although the Congress has belied its early professions of liberality, the vote shows an anti-slavery feeling of a solid character. I say *anti-slavery feeling*, because it is evident that slavery is founded upon the prejudice against color and a practical denial of the great truth, "that of one blood God created all nations of men." The discussion has done much good in awakening inquiry and thought among the young men of the different associations, and I have no doubt that, in the event of another trial, we will be able to say that in this the most pro-slavery city of the North the *young literati*, following the lead of all truly enlightened minds in every age, have cast loose those bonds of prejudice which originated in ignorance and debasement. M. C.

POLITICS.

The Senate of New Hampshire promptly concurred with the House in the election of John P. Hale as U. S. Senator for six years from the fourth of March next. Of all the candidates for the place Mr. Hale was unquestionably the best.

George W. Julian is spoken of as likely to be the Republican candidate for Congress in the Wayne (Indiana) District. He is a man of incorruptible integrity and fine talents, and opposed to the compromising policy of the leaders of his party.

Clarke, the murderer of Barber, and one of the bloodiest of the bloody ruffians employed to carry out the designs of the Slave Oligarchy in Kansas, has been appointed by the President to a pursership in the navy as a reward for his villany.

Charles Francis Adams, we are glad to see, is likely to be elected to the next Congress from the Norfolk (Mass.) District. Mr. Damrell, the present member, is a poor stick of Know-Notsingism, and we are glad he is likely to be displaced by a man whose very name will be a terror to the Slave Oligarchy, and whose great abilities, indomitable firmness and unbending integrity qualify him for eminent service in the halls of Congress.

The election which is to determine the fate of the Lecompton Constitution will take place on Monday, the 2d day of August. That day was proposed by the Free State members of the Board, because it is the one fixed for the election in Missouri, when it is hoped that the border ruffian Democracy of that State will find so much to do at home that they will not be able to interfere with the rights of the people of Kansas. The Free State men, however, are not free from anxiety as to the result of the election, as it is not known what new frauds are being concocted by the friends of the Administration.

PERSONAL.

William M. Connelly, sentenced to twenty days' imprisonment at Cincinnati for aiding the escape of two fugitive bondmen, was visited, during the period of his incarceration, by troops of friends. The members of the Unitarian Conference visited him in a body, and made no scruple of expressing in strong terms their detestation of the law which makes practical Christianity an offence.

The Rev. J. S. Lame, a regular member of the Philadelphia Conference, stationed last year and this at Snow Hill, Worcester Co., Md., has been driven from the State, simply because suspected of being the author of letters signed "Junius," in *Zion's Herald!* The letters, says the editor of that paper, contained "the truth, and nothing but the truth, and only half of that," in relation to slavery in the Northern Methodist Church.

The Rev. Moncure D. Conway, late of Washington, D. C., now Pastor of the Unitarian congregation in Cincinnati, was married on Tuesday, June 2d, to Miss Ellen D. Dana, daughter of Mr. Charles B. Dana, of that city. The ceremony, which was in Mr. Conway's own church, which was so crowded that hundreds were unable to obtain admittance, was performed by the Rev. Dr. Furness, of Philadelphia, and Esquire Gatzendenner, of Cincinnati—the laws of Ohio requiring the "knot" to be adjusted by a resident authorized person. The Rev. Mr. Longfellow, of Brooklyn, was one of the groomsmen.

THE *Northern Independent* (Auburn, N. Y.) is the unofficial organ of that large and growing section of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which, disgusted with the truckling subserviency of the clerical politicians who have so long managed to keep that Church in a pro-slavery attitude, is using its utmost exertions to procure from the next General Conference the enactment of a law that shall effectually exclude slaveholders from communion. In this great work it is doing effective service. The editor is the Rev. Dr. Hosmer, a man skilled to penetrate the artful disguises of the pro-slavery leaders, and bold as he is sagacious. His paper is one of the best that reaches our office, often furnishing us with important facts and arguments, and always keeping us posted in relation to the struggle between slavery and anti-slavery in the Methodist Church. We assure Dr. Hosmer that the failure of THE STANDARD to reach him for some time past is the result of a mistake, not the indication of a wish on our par to discontinue an exchange once solicited by us.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. *June.* Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

WE sit down to our *Atlantic Monthly*, this first morning in June, with pleasurable expectations of the highest tone. Or rather, we do not wait to sit down, but begin to cut the leaves and to read standing, such is our impatience to realize the promise of the newspapers, which assure us that "the whole number is good"; the stories are "good"; the prose is "good"; the poetry is "good"; the philosophy is "good"; the criticism is "good"; the science is "good."

Good!—good for the newspapers at least; since nobody was ever tried for libel or deprived of a subscriber by such statements, by which the columns are respectably filled without committal. And this is the main journalistic point in these swiftly changing times.

But what good does the public mind receive from such criticism? Whose judgment has been improved by fresh knowledge of the grounds of judgment? whose discrimination has been sharpened? whose taste has been formed or reformed? whose pleasure heightened by sympathy? whose moral nature refreshed by justice? The newspapers in general would show greater wisdom to give up their present system of book-notices, or slip them over into the place appropriated to advertisements, properly so called.

Responsible as we are in the weightier matters of life and law, we are the last to be able fitly to fulfil the pleasant duty of tything among the fragrant herbs of Literature. We can but give the hasty, though real, commentary of one who reads as he runs.

The first article, with its series of scenes along the Maine lumberer's ground, is true as a photograph, and will, for that reason, be read abroad with great pleasure. To all whose curiosity has been awakened by American generalities of boundless prairies, virgin forests, stupendous mountains, and perplexed by the sort of whipped syllabub way in which travels are frothed up, this "down east" article will give true satisfaction. It is a beautiful picture—the one where the writer drops stilly down stream by star-light, on a moose hunt, taking a calm night, "for if there is wind, the moose will smell you"—reaches the crackling camp-fire of the explorers, where they stand talking, in their red shirts, over the bargain by which somebody had cleared twenty-five dollars. One cannot help wishing, with the author, to be with them, climbing the hills and the highest trees to search for timber, catching the glitter of the streams down which it is to be floated, and settling the number of lumberers and teams that will be wanted for the next winter; sleeping wherever night overtakes one, deep in the untrodden wilderness, and pocketing one's three or four dollars a day for the use of the faculties and experience that pile up the banks of the Massachusetts rivers with the sawed and squared forests of Maine, to plant her counties over with the healthy, comfortable wooden dwellings, of which the bright colors strike the eye from the railroad carriage, like a broadcast sowing of golden grain over the land.

The poem, "La Cantatrice," is a beautiful *tableau de genre*. Why did not the author give an English title to an English poem, instead of an Italian one? We would have characterized its sort in English, had the right term occurred to us as existing in the language; nay, we would spend time in finding an equivalent, if these things were our proper function, so much do we dislike foreign scraps upon the home board. Necessity is the only excuse for it. The writer of this poem has found power of language to execute a fine conception, full of true feeling. If he had chosen to avoid the word "singer," by letting his poem, like an English political leading article, tell its own story without a caption, he could have done so with perfect safety. The author of this piece is not the author of that remarkable and real poem, "Camille," by this token, that the verses stand in no need of an argument.

The biographical article, on Leibnitz and his philosophy, is so well done as to make one desire a companion-piece in the historical way. But other knowledge than belles-lettres and philosophical reading can furnish would be required to execute it—knowledge which a note on the fifteenth page leads to suppose that the life of

common humanity in the Orient and in the Occident than the insignificance of the unordained Brahmin, as contrasted with his subsequent importance?

"————Dandelion gay——
A college youth, that dashes for a day
All gold—anon who doffs his gaudy suit,
Touched by the magic hand of some grave bishop,
And straight becomes a reverend divine"—

is not, we learn, a greater transformation than initiation effects upon the Brahmin.

Style is a mystery: some men's language is measured and some is chaunted. Some men's thoughts flow, and ome burst upon us. Some simply utter them—so simply that you cannot tell how you come by them. Some men play and trifle with language; but here is one who handles it—not always tastefully, but always ably and impressively.

Two or three paragraphs will illustrate the matter and the manner of the teachings of this article on India:

"Asirvadam the Brahmin is among the Sepoys. He sits by the well of Barrackpore, a comrade on either side, and talks, as only he can talk to whom no books are sealed. To one, a rigid statue of thrilled attention, he speaks of the time when Arab horsemen first made flashing forays down upon Moultan; he tells of Mahmoud's mace, that clove the idol of Somnath, and of the gold and gems that burst from the treacherous wood, as water from the smitten rock in the wilderness; he tells of Timour, and Baber the Founder, and the long imperial procession of the great Moguls—of Humayoon, and Akbar, and Shah Jehan, and Aurengzebe—of Hyder Ali and Tippoo Sultan—of Moorish splendor and the Prophet's sway; and the swarthy Mussulman stiffens in lip-parted listening.

"To the other, a fiery enthusiast, fretting for the acted moral of a tale he knows too well, he whispers of British blasphemy and insolence—of Brahmins insulted and gods derided—of Vedas violated, and the sacred Sanscrit defiled by the tongues of Kaffirs—of Pariahs taught and honored, —of high and low castes indiscriminately mingled, an obscene herd, in schools and regiments—of glorious institutions, old as Mount Meru, boldly overthrown—of suttee suppressed, and infanticide abated—of widows re-married and the dowries of the brides of Brahmins limited—of high-caste students handling dead bodies, and Soodra beggars drinking from Brahminical wells—of the triple cord broken in twain, and Brahminee bulls slain in the streets, and cartridges greased with the fat of cows, and Christian converts indemnified, and property not confiscated for loss of caste—and a frightful falling off in the benighting business generally; and the fierce Rajpoot grinds his white teeth, while Asirvadam the Brahmin plots, and plots, and plots.

"Incline your ears, my brothers, and I will sing you softly, and low, a song to make Moor and Rajpoot bite, with their very hearts:

"'Bring Soma to the adorable Indra, the lord of all, the lord of wealth, the lord of heaven, the perpetual lord, the lord of men, the lord of earth, the lord of horses, the lord of cattle, the lord of water!

"'Offer adoration to Indra, the overcomer, the destroyer, the munificent, the invincible, the all-endowing, the creator, the all-adorable, the sustainer, the unassailable, the ever-victorious!

"'I proclaim the mighty exploits of that Indra who is ever victorious, the benefactor of man; the overthrower of man, the caster-down, the warrior, who is gratified by our libations, the granter of desires, the subduer of enemies, the refuge of the people!

"'Unequalled in liberality, the shower, the slayer of the malevolent, profound, mighty, of impenetrable sagacity, the dispenser of prosperity, the enfeebler, firm, vast, the performer of pious acts, Indra has given birth to the light of the morning!

"'Indra, bestow upon us most excellent treasures, the reputation of ability, prosperity, increase of wealth, security of person, sweetness of speech, and auspiciousness of days!

"'Offer worship quickly to Indra; recite hymns; let the outpoured drops exhilarate him; pay adoration to his superior strength!

"'When, Indra, thou harnessest thy horses, there is no such charioteer as thou; none is equal to thee in strength; none, howsoever well horsed, has overtaken thee!

"'He, who alone bestows wealth upon the man who offers him oblation, is the undisputed sovereign: Indra, ho!

"'When will he trample with his foot upon the man who offers no oblations, as upon a coiled snake; When will Indra listen to our praises? Indra, ho!

"'Indra grants formidable strength to him who worships him, having libations prepared: Indra, ho!'

"The song that was chanted low by the well of Barrackpore to the maddened Rajpoot, to the dreaming Moor, was fiercely shouted by the well of Cawnpore to a chorus of shrieking women, English wives and mothers, and spluttering of blood-choked babes, and clash of red knives, and drunken shouts of slayers, ruthless and obscene."

It is heart-consoling to learn from the sketch of CRAWFORD that "the hand that so warmly grasped in welcome the hands of his compatriots, that had been so often extended in sympathy and aid to his less prosperous brothers, seized also the musket with the republican guard." *He* did not say, "I am a foreigner—an American—and nothing that touches Liberty can touch me." *He* did not say, "Life is nothing—art is all."

The article on the field and futurity of the mechanical powers is profoundly interesting. It is delightful to see the prancing and the promise of the iron hobby. The economical argument against slavery is beautiful and perfect. The mischief is that it never fences out the human brute who finds it in his heart and in his degree of civilization to say, "but what if a man really loves better to *flog it out of his nigger*, without any of your scientific interference?" *He* must be prepared for the economical argument, by the nine hundred and ninety-nine others.

The rare power of trifling agreeably, as it is called, because we have no such words as *esprit* and *spirituelle*—the faculty of uttering sublime truths in an easy, unstilted, unaffected way—implies uncommon persistency of nature and cultivation of mind. It is far less common in this than in other countries. Few possess it in a greater measure than the Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table. He has other friends than the poet and the professor—only he has not been in the habit of listening to them with so much complaisance—has, perhaps, observed them to be less generally agreeable, and so been tempted to snub them down. We have no fault to find with what the poet told him about the barrel-organ. We never complain of its changes nor their variety. We only bid the listener not pretend to admire the bur-r-r of the instrument where no real experience has driven in the requisite notes or where some fatality has beaten them down. There is no such want in the "copy of verses he told us about." "Spring has Come" is true, in every sense of the word, both to nature and to the poet's view of it. He stopped at the right moment. One verse more had been as treacherous as one glass more. "*In the city*" had been better, to our apprehension, as an argument, for the simple reason that walled cities are an anachronism in this neighborhood. These little considerations matter not to thee and thy contemporary readers, who run no risk of forming a habit of seeing the Spanish fleet at every hand's-turn; but think, dear friend, of the rising generation! No traditionary walls for them, but with the distinctest understanding as to what our two friends told us about it, and never to pass off what the poet said for what the professor said; which we say as a warning to the age, and not as criticism on the Autocrat.

In everything that grows there is a large and a small kind. It is true of literature; it is true of politics; there is the greater and the less in both. "The President's Prophecy of Peace" is the soundest and the largest kind of the lesser politics.

The criticism on the third edition of Dr. Whewell's history to Inductive Science shows that worst kind of incompetency which presumes upon the ignorance of the audience. We are presumed, for instance, not to be likely to miss the name of SEARS WALKER from its rightful place in the allusion to the history of the planet Neptune; and we are presumed to be so indifferent about the mathematical investigation and wonderful demonstration of the fluidity of the rings of Saturn, by the younger BOND, as to be ready to pass over without notice this statement; from which we are left to infer that both science and the younger BOND are indebted to Professor Pierce in the matter; while (unless we are strangely oblivious, in a matter of which we were thoroughly well informed from the beginning and ever since) the fact is that the whole mathematical investigation and demonstration of Mr. BOND the younger were as complete as now before they were communicated to Mr. Pierce.

The *Atlantic Monthly* should especially eschew this sort of incompetency in its scientific criticism.

BORDER METHODISM AND BORDER SLAVERY.

THIS is the title of a good'y sized pamphlet (88 pages, 8vo.) just published in Philadelphia, and for sale by Higgins & Perkiupine and at the Anti-Slavery Office of that city. Its author is the Rev. J. M. McCarter, a member of the Philadelphia Conference and minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the town of Reading. The pamphlet gives a history and review of the action of the Conference at its late meeting in Easton, including an account of the case of Rev. John D. Long, and an examination of the whole question of slaveholding in that portion of the Methodist vineyard. It also gives an account of the Rev. J. S. Lame, who, since the meeting of Conference, has been driven away from his circuit in Maryland, for the imputed offence of having written the anti-slavery letters for *Zion's Herald* signed "Junius."

The pamphlet is an instructive one and makes its appearance opportunely. Its author favors no half-way measures. "Extirpation," he says, is his motto. This is the old Methodist remedy for the evils of slavery, and the only one which he considers adequate to the case.

"Border Methodism" is a fit sequel to Mr. Long's "Pictures," and the two together will throw much useful light upon the dark practices which prevail among high professors along the confines of Freedom. Old Fogyism in the Methodist Church is in a fair way to be rooted out. Dr. Durbin and Bishop Ames are ingenious men in their way, but they can't much longer protract the hollow truce which has heretofore existed between freedom and slavery. The young men are beginning to make their influence felt. The McCarters and Longs and Newton Heestons are hereafter to be a power in the Methodist body. "Extirpation," not *conciliation*, is to be the word, and the Philadelphia Conference is no longer to be the quiet refuge it has hitherto been for skulking slaveholding preachers.

We commend Mr. McCarter's book to all who are interested in the contest which is now agitating the Methodist Church on the subject of slavery. It is written with spirit and contains valuable information on the topics of which it treats.

SLAVERY A CENTURY AGO.

A little book with this title has been published in Philadelphia, by the Association of Friends for the diffusion of Religious and Useful Knowledge. It contains a short biographical sketch of Anthony Benezet, and a reprint of some of that excellent man's most striking essays on slavery and the slave trade. It also reproduces John Wesley's powerful appeal, entitled "Thoughts upon Slavery," with some words of editorial recommendation, designed to secure it a reading; and concludes with sententious extracts, of a strong anti-slavery character, from the writings and speeches of some of the most distinguished men of Europe and of this country. The idea of the book is well conceived, and the work is neatly executed. It adds another to the many instrumentalities now at work in diffusing light upon a dark and imperfectly understood subject.

THE APPEAL OF THE RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, etc., to their fellow-citizens of the United States, in behalf of the Colored Race. Friends' Book Store, 304 Arch street, Philadelphia.

This publication, like the one we have just noticed, comes from the Society of Friends known as Orthodox, and is a very creditable document. It is written with an earnestness and vigor which do not usually characterize such productions, and is evidently more the result of serious "concern" than a mere matter of routine. As such we are unfeignedly glad to see it. Although the title of the book covers broader ground, its chief topic is that of American slavery.

"Our present business," say the writers, "is more especially with the condition of the descendants of Africa. We wish to approach the subject with that charity and forbearance which the Gospel enjoins between man and his brother man. We disclaim all sectional views, all party or political motives, and any *undue* interference with *supposed* rights of property and local legislation." The words which we have italicised show a discrimination in the use of language that is quite refreshing.

The "Appeal" goes on to argue the question with those to whom it is addressed. It affirms slavery to be inconsistent with the spirit and the precepts of Christianity, and adduces evidence to prove it. The fact that it prohibits its victims to read; that it surrenders the helpless female to the power of the licentious; that it makes legal marriage impossible; that it separates families and sunders ties the most sacred; that it entrusts the master with despotic power over the person, time and will of the victim; these and other facts of like character it brings forward to sustain its position and justify its claim upon the consciences to which it is directed. It also puts in a plea for the free colored man, and invokes a portion of "Christian interest and sympathy" in his behalf. Describing the unfavorable circumstances by which he has ever been surrounded, it asks: "Under the same neglect and pernicious treatment would not the whites have exhibited equal degradation? and is it just to hold the negro responsible for our own want of care to imbue his mind with right principles and train him to correct practices?"

The latter half of the pamphlet relates to the slave trade, and is a well-timed exposure of the guilty part which the people of this country are now taking in the maintenance of that iniquitous traffic.

The document, on the whole, is calculated to do good. It may not reclaim many or any slaveholders, but it will revive the interest of Friends in their most important Testimony and help to qualify them for their duties in its behalf.

A WORD FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Parker Pillsbury, in a letter dated at Nashua, N. H., June 14th, at the close of a successful anti-slavery meeting, says:

"But the people of New Hampshire, and of New England too, are pretty thoroughly roused. Were the politicians only all dead and out of the way, there would be some hope left yet. But they are receding from even the Kansas contest, and extorting the people to let that go, but to keep their eyes on the Presidential election of 1860; and the increased pay of members of Congress has multiplied the aspirants to the offices here, like the frogs in the house of Pharaoh. The smooth waters on which Republicanism in this State has been sailing are past now, and the ship is already tossing among billows. And new compromises and deep corruptions will, of course, as usual, be the resort and the remedy; and the Revival, out of which we are now emerging, has prepared the way for any amount of new atrocities, as the great one, a few years since, opened the way and facilitated the progress of Texas annexation, the murderous war in Mexico, and all the other outrages, which culminated finally in the passage of the Fugitive Slave bill of 1850."

PEACE, NOT WAR.—The war-cloud that has hung, with such a threatening aspect, in the western horizon, for some months past, has been dissolved. Brigham Young, instead of resisting the U. S. Government, vacated the office of Governor and acknowledged the authority of Gov. Cumming; but this event was immediately followed by the evacuation, on the part of the Mormons, of Salt Lake City and the surrounding country. Col. Thomas L. Kane, who has acted a very important part as a peacemaker, is on his way home. He reports that Gov. Cumming has returned to Salt Lake City, after making an ineffectual attempt to stop the Mormon hegira to the South. Salt Lake City and the northern settlements were nearly deserted, a few persons only remaining to guard the buildings. Forty thousand persons are said to be in motion, their trains extending for miles down the valley. The advanced trains were already three hundred miles distant. To evade answering where they are bound, they say they are going south, but their supposed destination is Cedar City, or some part of Sonora.

THE LEMMON CASE.—The case of Jonathan Lemmon, appellant, agt. The People of the State of New York, respondents, came up, a few days since, in the Court of Appeals, upon the application of counsel for its hearing as a preferred cause. The Albany *Evening Journal* says:

"The Court held that it was not entitled to be heard out of its order on the calendar under any statutory rule, and that, whatever might be its speculative interest, in respect to the civil condition and liberties of colored persons within the protection of this State, there was nothing to justify postponing the hearing of suitors who were asking the determination of substantial rights in real controversies.

"The Court, perhaps, did not lose sight of the consideration, though it was not stated as a reason, that the decision of the Supreme Court being in favor of the power of this State to prevent its territory from being made the highway for slave gangs—a position which its executive and legislative departments have solemnly pledged themselves to maintain at all hazards—its highest judicial tribunal might well refrain from giving the Federal Supreme Court any earlier opportunity for covering itself with fresh ignominy than the regular and orderly progress of business may require. The cause will probably be heard in the Court of Appeals in about two years."

THE WATERLOO YEARLY MEETING OF PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS, held on the 6th, 7th and 8th inst., was, a friend informs us, an occasion of much interest. Among those who took an active part in the proceedings were Thomas M'Clintock of Easton, Pa., Phillip D. Moore of Newark, N. J., Rev. Samuel J. May and C. D. B. Mills of Syracuse, Elizabeth Cady Stanton of Seneca Falls, George W. Taylor of North Collins, and Rev. W. H. Fish of Cortland. The number of persons in attendance was larger than in former years. The usual subjects of reform were ably discussed. Mrs. Stanton's address on Woman's Rights is spoken of as a production of great merit.

A HARD CASE.—Captain William B. Baylis, of whose arrest for attempting to carry off five slaves from Petersburg, Va., in the schooner Keziah, we published an account last week, has been convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for forty years, eight years on each indictment against him. Simpkins, the mate of the vessel, had not been tried at the latest advices.

WINCHESTER, MASS.—A subscriber to THE STANDARD at the above named place asks us to change the address of his paper, but neglects to sign his name to his letter. We, of course, are at a loss to know who wishes to have the address changed, as we have more than one subscriber in Winchester. Will he have the goodness to write again?

BEECHER'S LIFE-THOUGHTS.—We call attention to the advertisement of the publishers of this book in another column. We are glad that a work so full of living and vital truth is being so widely diffused.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCXXX.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent narrateth his adventures at the New England Convention and how he got in—He exalteth himself and rejoiceth in the success of his counsels—He speaketh well of the Convention and of the Tract Society—His testimony to the worth and the loss of Ellis Gray Loring—He giveth the history of Julien Hall and the services it did the cause in early days—And mourneth for its conflagration—He rejoiceth over the discomfiture of Mr. Byles—He prideth himself on his own treatment of that person, and on his backing of Mr. Porter—He is shocked to learn of the true character of Mr. Byles—He maketh a suggestion and giveth a congratulation and concludeth—&c. &c. &c.

BOSTON, June 14th, 1858.

I SHOULD have written to you last week, while the freshness of the memory of the New England Convention was upon me, and I dare say I might have made something out of it; but I was cumbered with much serving in another direction, and so I let the fitting moment escape without pressing it into that service. But it was a time not to be forgotten because of a week more or less intervening. When I arrived, not long after the hour for opening the Convention, at the scene of action, I found that not merely access to the hall, but even approach within eyesight or ear-shot was among the impossibles. The lobbies and stairways were filled to crowding far beyond possibility of sight or hearing, and it looked as if the inscription over Dante's Inferno might be reversed on this occasion, and all hope for getting in, for those without, was to be abandoned in despair. It so happened, however, that I was in company with the President of the Convention, and, as his presence was regarded as desirable, if not essential, way was opened through the *penetralia* of the Mercantile Library to a wicket in the wall, by which we were with some difficulty smuggled in. The hall was packed as full as it could hold of sitting and standing humanity, and every doorway, window, nook and "coign of vantage" was peopled with faces or with shoulders or elbows, bent on shouldering or elbowing their way in. It was a good sight. My soul rejoiced in their sufferings, when I considered in how good a cause they were endured and when I remembered the evil days of scant and meager morning meetings.

Indeed, I looked upon this splendid launching of the good ship as my own handiwork. That goodly temple of living stones was a great Babylon of my own building, and I plumed myself upon its fair proportions accordingly. There never was any difficulty about filling the largest place we could procure for our sessions, after it was well bruited abroad that we were at work bearing our testimonies against principalities and powers and spiritual wickedness in high places. The trouble was that it took a day or two to get it noised abroad. The first morning was dawdled away generally in organizing, and doing little or nothing, and the attendance was usually so thin as to rejoice the hearts of the reporters, who annually used to announce the dwindling numbers and diminishing interest of the Abolition Pow-wow. You may remember that, a couple of years or so ago, I proposed a change in our scheme of operations, and suggested that the opening session of the New England Convention should be made answerable to our Anniversary at New York—an occasion of set speeches by the most attractive speakers, whose names should be announced in the newspapers in advance of the meeting. The hall having been once filled and the interest awakened, the meeting could be safely left to take care of itself. The plan was adopted last year and this, and Wisdom was justified of her Child. The success has been perfect. The line having been baited with Phillips, or Parker, or Garrison, or some *shiver* of the sort, the fish came about it in shoals, so that we made a miraculous draught of them. Then the dwellers in the rural districts, who used to think it a waste of time to come to the opening of the meeting, now that they know what they have to expect, hasten to inaugurate it by a full attendance, and the result has exceeded our most sanguine expectations. So much for my own glory. "Is this a world to hide virtues in?" No, indeed. Jack Fallstaff was right there, anyhow.

As you have published a full Report of the proceedings and speeches, it is superfluous for me to say anything about them. It was a very satisfactory and satisfying occasion. The crowds were great, and were of precisely the class of persons who would be the most likely to be edified by the ministrations they enjoyed. Some special interest was perhaps aroused by the stir made about the Tract Society; but it was not enough to account for the success of the Convention. It is the felicity of the Abolitionists that some fresh form of villany is always presenting itself for their criticism and condemnation. Slavery is such a Proteus, and it is forever taking such new shapes, that its hunting-down is forever varying in its aspects and in the weapons it demands. Sometimes it stands at bay in Congress and exalts its horn with Fugitive Slave bills, or tramples under its hoofs vast regions stolen from Freedom, and again it skulks into pulpits and under communion-tables, and uses Missionary Boards and Tract Societies as its refuge of lies, but it always affords its pursuers the stimulus of novelty and change. All these things, however, are much more fully understood and more ably set forth by another of your contributors than I can do it, and so I shall not deviate into preaching upon this text. I will only say that the Religious Societies, like the two Houses of Congress, are now being put to a really good use, by being transformed into Anti-Slavery Debating Societies. Let them say what they will to the contrary and disclaim it as much as they please, still the fact is that slavery is the only thing really thought about and talked about, when they are in people's minds at all. They are getting to be "Abolitionized" well enough for our purpose; and if they can satisfy their Southern brethren by disavowing it, why, they are welcome to do so. Only, they can't.

The only drawback on the perfect satisfactions of the occasion was the gloom thrown over it by the death of Ellis Gray Loring, whose funeral took place on the afternoon of the first day of the Convention. It was a fitting time for one to die and be buried who had been so essentially connected with the inauguration of the Anti-Slavery movement and with the establishment of this very annual gathering during the Week of Celebrations. He could be ill spared, but he had done a good and effectual work and was entitled to rest from his labors, if having done what his hands found to do, up to the moment of discharge, furnished a sufficient title to it. His character and services were so well set forth by Mr. Garrison and Mr. Phillips, in their speeches, which you have given to your readers, that it is superfluous and vain to attempt to add anything to those well-spoken words. He was not fond of attending public meetings, and did not even frequent those of the Abolitionists, after the earlier days, unless there was occasion for his words of counsel or strengthening, and then he was never wanting. There was no one who could divide the word of truth more accurately or more clearly than he, and at all the crises of the Cause he was always sure to appear and speak the fitting word at the important moment. I well remember how valuable were his suggestions and how ready his aid when your paper was first projected and established, in 1840. I think that it was he who suggested the name which it has always borne. He withdrew from active co-operation with the American and the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Societies, after they had taken their present stand as to the Dissolution of the Union; but he retained his membership and was always prompt with advice and aid in all incidental emergencies. You may remember the letter he wrote to the *Boston Post*, when it attempted to make a distinction between him and Mr. Garrison, in which he refused to be considered as separated from his old companion in arms, either in private friendship or Anti-Slavery principle, although he differed from him as to this particular application of it. When the history of the Anti-Slavery Movement comes to be written, the name of this man, who so shrank from public life, will be written among the foremost who first gave impulse to the only historical succession of events of his time and country, and which must end in the obliteration of the stigma of slavery from the one and the other.

And while thinking of those early days of the Cause, I may as well mention here that one of the old landmarks of that time disappeared last Saturday night. Julien Hall was burnt on that night in a great fire which prevailed in Milk street. You will remember it well, for you have assisted at many a meeting there. That was the only place, I think, in Boston where George Thompson's voice was ever heard in public, and there it was he helped to create that excitement which found its expression in the Mob of October 21, 1835, which was aimed at Mr. Thompson, though its fury fell on Mr. Garrison. On one occasion, you may recollect, there were seven slaveholders present, at whom he addressed one of his Demosthenian philippics, until they were fairly swept by the very tempest and whirlwind of his eloquence out of the hall, and were found lying in wait with bowie-knives to make him the only sharp retort they could. I have forgotten how it was he passed safely through the midst of them; but he was in imminent danger of assassination that night. Perhaps it may not be unnecessary to inform your distant readers, and those not familiar with the doings of those days, that Julien Hall was the place of meeting of the persons *calling themselves* Infidels, who proffered the use of it to the Abolitionists, when all the churches and other public places were shut in their faces. The infidels, I believe, were no better than the Christians as to the reception of the gospel of Emancipation; but they vindicated the great principle of Freedom of Speech, which is a main article of their creed, by this courageous consistency. And it was continued, if I am not mistaken, until the popular fury was so violent that the owner of the property refused to permit it to be used for the Anti-Slavery Meetings. The fact that they afforded the only shelter that Liberty could find, when priests, and politicians, and traders conspired against her, will always be remembered to their honor, and I am sorry that the Hall which was the monument of that fact in history has been swallowed up by the flames.

I am very glad to see, by an extract from the *Christian Intelligencer*, on the first page of your last paper, that people here are very much amused at the manner in which the Reverend Editor, Mr. Elbert S. Porter, transfixed Mr. Byles, of *The Tribune*. This is as it should be; for, I grieve to say it, great multitudes of people, saints as well as sinners, were infinitely amused by the dealings of Mr. Byles with Mr. Porter—and this in spite of all I could say in behalf of this latter much injured brother. I am sure he can't say that *I* haven't stood by him. I have refused to admit the possibility of his being in error, either intentionally or by inadvertence. I have maintained his impeccability and infallibility, and have done my part to put down the pretentious airs of this Mr. Byles. I have even doubted the evidence of my own senses and refused to believe that the Rejected Tract was *not* "filthy and impure," merely because I couldn't find it so; and have utterly rejected the denial of Mr. Byles as to its authorship, as against the authentic opinion of Mr. Porter. If that isn't backing a friend, I should like to know what is? Is there anything more I could have done? I think I am as clear toward him as John Van Buren was towards his father, whom he told, after the nomination of the Buffalo Convention, "that he had electioneered against him, spoken against him, voted against him and run against him, and he didn't think a father could ask more of a son." I am shocked to learn, however, that this Mr. Byles is "a violent infidel, an assailer of the Church, the ministry and the Bible!" As no correspondent of the Rev. Elbert S. Porter can be suspected, any more than himself, of lying, evil-speaking, slander, false witness or railing accusations, this charge *must* be true! Do you suppose your neighbors of *The Tribune* know it? I should think it no more than neighborly in you to apprise them of the real character of their correspondent. At all events, you must congratulate yourself that you have no such pestilent person connected with your paper, either as contributor or correspondent, to bring just scandal upon it and you.

D. Y.

From our Dublin Correspondent.

DUBLIN, May 12th, 1858.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

I OBSERVED that as soon as Charles Mackay arrived in the United States, he expressed an unwillingness to commit himself to any expression of opinion on the subject of slavery. The fact appears to be that he visited your country as a member of the literary corps of the London *Illustrated News*, and that in this capacity he is now engaged in travelling through the United States and writing home the account of his tour. If he had committed himself to any decided expression of opinion hostile to slavery, I suppose he could not have ventured into the fire-eating States, and therefore thinks himself justified in exhibiting a prudent reserve till he gets back to those parts of the Union where a man may not only think his own thoughts, but express them. Most likely an outspoken Briton would be obliged to give up the pleasure and benefit of the Southern tour if he wished to recross the Atlantic with whole bones, to please the Abolitionists and to keep on perfectly good terms with his own conscience. We, who have never been subjected to the fiery ordeal of a public opinion fiercely hostile to those commonplace notions of justice to the coloured race which nobody here thinks of questioning, and which, therefore, nobody here is to be thanked for maintaining, can form no notion of the temptation to which visitors to your country are subjected. I do not think myself holier than thousands who have thus succumbed. Probably Charles Mackay's reasons were quite satisfactory to his own mind. Probably, if he gets safely out of the South, he will turn out an able ally of your cause. The *Illustrated News* I regard as generally a remarkably stupid paper—almost all but the illustrations. Still, I eagerly turn over its pages, on the lookout for Mr. Mackay's weekly letters. They generally strike me as somewhat level, without much pretension to any great flights of fancy or bursts of feeling—the enormous extortion of your Southern cab-drivers rousing him up more than anything else whatever, and firing his indignation far beyond anything else that he witnessed in the slave States. In the last letter (that written from Charleston, South Carolina) there is a decided improvement. Whilst he makes the enormous and unwarrantable confession that the laboring classes in many parts, if not the whole, of Europe are worse fed and worse clad than the prædial slaves of the United States (which I at least do not at all believe to be generally the fact, though there are undoubtedly some cases in which it is true), he exposes the stone blindness of the slaveholders to the rights of the slaves as human beings. He shows that they regard their human cattle as entitled to their animal privileges only. His style (as befits a newspaper correspondent writing from Charleston) is cautious and mealy-mouthed, but it is manifest that the man who wrote "Mackay's Popular Songs" is not a lover nor an admirer of slavery; and I venture to hope that, if he brings a safe skin northwards, he will publish, as he has more than half hinted his intention of doing, some more of his notions on a subject on which people can form very just opinions without actual inspection and experience—just as they can upon murder, piracy, or any other crime of the higher order. It is ridiculous for people to talk as if any amount of inquiry would enable them to discover some compensating benefit in a state of things which *must be* altogether and inherently evil. He is a stupid fellow who thinks that he may at length extract sunbeams from cucumbers.

A friend sent me, a week or two since, a capital article, from the *New York Tribune*, exposing, in terms no less terrible than true, the sanguinary course of the English in India at the present time. Why do we continue to brag and boast of the nineteenth century, its humanity, refinement and Christianity? In common with nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand, at the commencement of this Indian outbreak, I believed in the stories we heard of unprecedented cruelties, mutilations and violations which made the blood run cold throughout the whole civilized world. Roused up, and no wonder, to a frenzy of wrath by these stories, extraordinary efforts were made and a great army was sent out to repress the mutiny and avenge these hideous crimes. Now that we have had time to cool and that investigations have shown that although it is probable that some atrocities have been committed—for under similar circumstances some such always do happen—almost none have been verified. So remarkable, indeed, is the absence of all proof that the *Saturday Review* declares that the like of such a revolt, so free from the grosser forms of outrage, is without a parallel in history, or to that effect. As far as I can ascertain, the annexation of Oude was effected against the express faith of treaties; and although it was perpetrated on the plea of humanity to the people, to protect them from a cruel and anarchical government, it does not seem to have been effected with their good will. However, be this as it may, the English have lately taken, sacked and pillaged Lucknow, the capital, and the Governor-General of India has issued a proclamation telling the people that they have acted wickedly in revolting against the British government (thus villainously established on the overthrow of the native monarchy), and that, with a very few exceptions, the landholders forfeited their properties in consequence. Our new government, under Lord Derby, have disapproved of this high-handed measure, and in consequence *The Times* and the present opposition are out upon them, and I believe a vote of censure is threatened for having dared to make a distinction between the rebellion of the older provinces and that of a country annexed so recently and under such circumstances as Oude. I refer to this whole subject as a remarkable illustration of the fact that yours is not the only nation which possesses the faculty of shutting its eyes to the plainest requisitions of its own rules of humanity, justice and consistency. The British people are all now busily engaged in trying to persuade themselves that its bounden duty is to exterminate the Sepoys, to keep as few prisoners as possible, to blow a sufficient number from the guns to constitute a terrible example, to fill the nations with terror, and then to fall to, with zeal, to Christianize them, and to furbish up India as one of the brightest and most enduring jewels in the British crown. The amount of serious, well-meant, honestly-intended missionary zeal that exists for these and kindred objects is quite remarkable, and is as wonderful as your slaveholding piety which has recently burst forth in these volcanic revivals. It is absurd, if it were not lamentable, to see England and America, these two straight-laced "Anglo-Saxon," Protestant, Puritan sisters, both busily engaged in various works of gigantic villany, and wiping their lips in all the unconsciousness of innocence, declaring, meanwhile, that they have done no wrong, but that it is all for the ultimate glory of God and the extension of the "Redeemer's kingdom."

Yours truly, RICHARD D. WEBB.

CONGRESS, it gives us pleasure to say, adjourned on Monday last. The effort of the slaveholders and their tools to increase the rates of postage on letters from 3 cents to 5 and 10 cents was defeated.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION FESTIVAL.

THE undersigned, who have, for so many years, done what they could to promote the ANTI-SLAVERY CAUSE, financially and otherwise, through the medium of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, will, as usual, hold their (twenty-fifth) Anniversary at the close of the year, with the same purpose of still further strengthening the beneficial influences of that Society, moral, religious and political, for the extinction of slavery.

At the beginning, before the principles of the cause were understood, we could not, with the slightest hope of success, ask of the public, whose affair it is no less than our own, direct contributions of money. We therefore devised an Annual Bazaar for the sale of contributions of articles; and it afforded an opportunity of great usefulness, both financial and social, to the cause.

But the changed state of the public mind now suggests greater directness in the method and increase in the usefulness of this anniversary; and we propose, this year, to give our usual sums and take up our accustomed collections by direct cash subscription; and we entreat the friends, both at home and abroad, who have been wont to coöperate with us, to do the same, nothing doubting the result will much exceed the sum ($3,000) raised last year.

To our Southern friends we present this prospect with increased hope of their coöperation in consequence. For, as none better than they know what slavery and the daily increasing risks of its tenure are, so none have a deeper concern in seeking the most effectual means of putting an end to this common sin and suffering of our native land.

The money we have annually raised has been hitherto employed to sustain the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society. But, following the recent indication of the Executive Committee, in making individual efforts to place that paper on a self-supporting subscription basis, we shall enable them to devote the result of our *joint* financial effort to sustain eloquent and faithful lecturers, now so much needed, and in far greater numbers than heretofore.

By this plan we may accomplish double the amount of service to our cause, and thus furnish its friends and our own with a two-fold motive to continue and increase their contributions.

No words from us at this late day are needed to stimulate a *prudent* generosity by description of all the means that go to change the mind and the heart of a great nation on the central question of its policy; or to kindle a *sublime* one by commendation of a cause identified with every thought that is ennobling and holy, with every hope that is august and magnificent, with every memory that is precious and sainted, with every idea that is consoling and beautiful, with every effort that is enlightening and beneficent, with every association that history, or poetry, or patriotism, or philanthropy, or Christianity, or life or death, have sanctified and blessed.

We cordially and respectfully invite the members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society, *the world over*, to meet with us at the close of the year (time and place named hereafter), to receive our subscriptions, our good wishes and our thanks; and to unite with us on an occasion which, as the end of one quarter of a century of labours and the beginning of another, will be of no ordinary commemorative interest and prospective significance to THE CAUSE.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,	LYDIA D. PARKER,
MARY MAY,	ELIZA F. EDDY,
LOUISA LORING,	ABBY FRANCIS,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,	SARAH RUSSELL MAY,
L. MARIA CHILD,	ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,	SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
ANNE WARREN WESTON,	EVELINA A. S. SMITH,
MARY GRAY CHAPMAN,	ANN REBECCA BRAMHALL,
HELEN ELIZA GARRISON,	AUGUSTA G. KING,
SARAH SHAW RUSSELL,	ELIZABETH VON ARMIN,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,	ANNA SHAW GREENE,
CAROLINE WESTON,	ELIZA H. APTHORP,
MARY WILLEY,	MATTIE GRIFFITH,
SARAH BLAKE SHAW,	MARY ELIZABETH SARGENT,
SUSAN C. CABOT,	ANNE LANGDON ALGER.

Summary.

A FEMALE CLERK IN THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE.—Postmaster Fowler has displayed his gallantry by appointing a female clerk to attend the window in the Post-office at which ladies apply for letters.

THE LONDON TIMES.—We see it stated that the profits of the London *Times* are estimated at $240 000 a year. We have reason to believe that, for the year ending last December, they were £96 000 or $480,000.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—A proposition to amend the Constitution of Connecticut, so as to extend the right of suffrage to women, received 82 votes in the Connecticut House of Representatives. It was defeated by 45 majority.

PAPER FROM BEET-ROOT.—A new material for paper is said to have been discovered in the fibre of the beet-root, which remains after sugar-making and distillation. It is twenty per cent. cheaper than common paper, and has been used in cartridges at Woolwich arsenal. It is to be introduced and tested in this country.

We have to record another horrible steamboat slaughter on the Mississippi river. The Pennsylvania, owned in Pittsburg, exploded her boilers on Sunday morning at 6 o'clock, at Ship Island, about seventy-five miles below Memphis, Tennessee, and afterwards burned to the water's edge. She had on board three hundred and fifty passengers, of which number it is believed that at least *one hundred perished*.

JUDAS ISCARIOT BURNED IN EFFIGY.—The time-honored Mexican custom of burning Judas in effigy was celebrated in San Francisco on Sunday, April 4th. The effigy was appropriately made up, Judas being represented with two faces, as usual. The figure was suspended from a rope, stretched across Jackson street. The exhibition concluded about noon, when Judas was consigned to the flames.

BRITISH OUTRAGES IN WASHINGTON SOCIETY.—A correspondent from Washington writes: Mrs Douglas evidently shares in her husband's indignation at the British outrages, and is reported to have refused to receive Lady Napier, the British minister's wife, when the latter called, a few day's since, at the Illinois Senator's residence. Senator Toombs, of Georgia, has got his back up, and commenced hostilities by refusing to attend Napier's last party, to which he was courteously invited.

A band of "regulators," numbering about fifteen, have hung as many as five men in and around Tampa Bay, Florida, during the month. One man they hung to a tree in the streets of Tampa, almost as high as Haman. They so elevated him that a man on horseback could not touch his feet. They took a negro out of the Court-room, in Nassau County, where a jury was being impannelled for his trial, and carried him to the Georgia and Florida line, and hung him to a tree. They took up two women of "ill-repute," in Tampa, and gave them each fifteen lashes, with notice to leave, &c.

An old negro woman, says the Richmond *Dispatch*, known as Nancy, for many years engaged as a saleswoman in the first market house, died, a few days since, at the advanced age of 107 years. Up to within a short time of her demise her intellectual faculties were as bright as ever, and nothing seemed to afford her so much pleasure as to recount the incidents of the Revolution and the expulsion of the red coats from Yorktown. Like all old negroes, she had seen and known Master George Washington well, and could give a fair description of the atrocities of the traitor Arnold when he attempted to overrun and subdue the patriots of this section of the country.

TEXAS GETTING ANTI-SLAVERY.—The last number of the New Orleans *Bee* says: "There is serious danger of the utter defeat of Southern hopes and aspirations touching Texas, and that in the very heart of the South, in the region, of all others, best adapted to the successful cultivation of Southern products, and to the consequent remunerating employment of slave labor,

Miscellaneous Department.

GLIMPSES OF NEW ENGLAND.

For The Standard.

It was once my good fortune to spend several years in the Old Bay State—in S., one of the oldest and pleasantest of the New England towns. Yet my first impressions of S. were *not* pleasant. I arrived there early in November. Well do I remember the rainy and dismal weather which greeted me. I thought S. the gloomiest of all gloomy places. My eyes, but recently dazzled by the wonders and glories of the New York Crystal Palace, could see no beauty in the dull town, with its leaden skies, from which the rain fell ceaselessly; its skeleton trees, through whose gaunt branches the wind so mournfully sobbed and moaned; its wet, almost deserted streets, and very commonplace shops. Yes, my inexperienced eyes had been dazzled by the splendors of New York, although I had gladly escaped from the great Babel, and longed for the peace and quiet which the sojourner in that busy city findeth not.

But I wanted peace and quiet with fair skies and pleasant sunshine; and finding not the latter in the good old town of S., I was so unwise as to give myself up for a time to a violent attack of home-sickness and general despondency. The attack, however, did not last long, but passed away with the cloudy skies which had chiefly caused it; and then I began fully to realize that I was indeed in New England, dear New England! How my heart beat as I awoke to the delightful reality. I think I had never really *lived* before. The few years of my life had been spent in the so-called City of Brotherly Love, where, strange to say, the doctrine of love to all mankind is quite out of fashion, especially with reference to those whom the white American "finds guilty of a skin not colored like his own"—an unpardonable sin in this land of the free and home of the brave. But I must not dwell on this theme, or my "glimpses" will be of Philadelphia instead of New England. Suffice it to say that I had *dreamed* away some years in the city of my birth, and now longed most earnestly for the advantages which were denied me there—for a higher intellectual culture, which should fit me for a more active and earnest life. These I found in New England, in Massachusetts, where the spirit of the old-time heroes has not yet died out, and will not die while that faithful little band of Abolitionists who "see God stand upon the weaker side" persevere in their heroic, their sublime and self-sacrificing labors. My whole heart goes forth in gratitude to them.

Entering school, a few weeks after my arrival in S., I then began to live, and to enjoy life as I had never done before. Soon I made the discovery that S. was a very pleasant and interesting old town. But it was not until the genial Spring and Summer months had come that all its beauty was revealed to me. Of course it has its one principal business street, in which nearly all its stores are collected. But these are very few, and occupy but a small portion of the long, winding street, which consists mostly of pretty, irregularly built white houses, with green blinds, and with nice little gardens attached to them, inclosed by neat palings. There are not so many trees in this as in some of the other streets; but one grand old horse-chesnut—the finest I ever saw—is justly its pride and delight. This street has also some interesting associations. It contains a very great attraction for all lovers of the olden time. This is an ancient, dingy, yellow frame house, known as "The Old Witch House." Our readers must know that S. was, two hundred years ago, the headquarters of the witches. And this is the veritable old Court-house where the so-called witches were tried and condemned. It is wonderful with what force this singular delusion possessed the minds, not only of the poor and ignorant, but of the wisest and gravest of the magistrates appointed by His Majesty's government. Those were dark days for S. Woe to the housewife or the household over whose door-latch the protecting horse-shoe was not carefully placed; and far greater woe to the unlucky dame who chanced to be suspected of such fanciful freaks as riding through the air on a broomstick, or muttering mystic incantations wherewith to undo her innocent neighbors. Hers was a summary and terrible punishment. Well, it is very pleasant to think how times have changed, and to say, with WHITTIER—

> "Our witches are no longer old
> And wrinkled beldames, Satan-sold,
> But young, and gay, and laughing creatures,
> With the heart's sunshine on their features."

Troops of *such* witches now pass the old house every day. I grieve to say that the "Old Witch House" has recently been defaced and desecrated by the erection of an apothecary's shop in front of one of its wings. People say that the new shop is very handsome, but to a few of us, lovers of antiquity, it seems a profanation, and we can see no beauty in it. In this street are the two principal hotels, and several new and elegant public and private buildings. Before leaving, we must not forget to look into a veritable old curiosity-shop, kept by an ancient spinster, whom everybody calls Aunt Sally. The articles composing Aunt Sally's stock are innumerable. There are fruits, pins, pies, cakes, needles, books, bread, ink, milk, paper, pencils, medicines, buttons, candies, calicoes—in short, every conceivable variety of trimmings, confectionery, stationery, dry goods, and everything else that anybody could possibly want. Of course Aunt Sally is largely patronized, and has doubtless accumulated a nice little fortune. It is a remarkable fact that, in the house in which she lives, adjoining the curiosity shop, there are no less than *seven* ladies, belonging, like herself, to the class of old maids, who, by the way, are said to be unusually numerous in S. One of the most venerable of these spinsters I have frequently seen on the sidewalk, with her gray head uncovered, and a favorite parrot perching on her shoulder. She is much bent with age, and has altogether a very weird and witch-like appearance.

Our goodly town of S. also rejoices in a Chesnut street, and a much more beautiful and attractive one it is, to me, than its brilliant Philadelphia namesake. In this street there are no stores, but only the dwellings of the élite. These houses have nothing showy about them, but they are distinguished for their quiet, elegant and homelike appearance. Many of them have beautiful gardens attached to them. But the noble elms are the glory of Chestnut street. There is a row of these fine old trees, at once so stately and so graceful, planted on either side. Their higher branches entwine with those of the trees on the opposite side, thus forming a leafy arch over the whole length of the street. The effect is very beautiful. Standing in the centre of the street, one sees a perfect bower of greenery above him. And very delightful it is to walk through it, listening to the sweet songs of the birds, and to the gentle murmurs of the leaves in whose embraces the sunlight rests so lovingly, on one of those "rare" June days,

> "When Heaven tries the earth, if it be in tune,
> And over it softly her warm ear lays."

We find more of these fine trees encircling "The Common," a large green, somewhat similar to one of the Philadelphia "squares." Although the Common of S. would sink into insignificance when compared with its prouder and more beautiful cousin of Boston, it is nevertheless a very pleasant and pretty place. So, at least, we dwellers in S. used to think, when we assembled there on the glorious Summer nights, to listen to the music of the band; while the silvery streams of moonlight, pouring through the leafy branches of the grand old elms, seemed to blend with the sweet strains of music, and to lend to them a deeper and richer harmony.

On Derby street, a street of wharves, stands the old Custom-house, which Hawthorne has so minutely described in his introduction to "The Scarlet Letter." Lafayette street is a long, handsome avenue, extending through the southern part of the town. It contains some of the finest houses in S. The elms on each side are beginning to incline their graceful branches toward each other, and will soon form an arch as beautiful as that formed by the trees in Chesnut street. At its southern extremity this avenue branches off into two roads—one leading to the *fishing* town of Marblehead, the other to the *shoemaking* town of Lynn. Broad street is a wide, pleasant, airy avenue, thickly planted with trees, and presenting quite a country-like appearance. One of its corners might be appropriately styled School-house Corner, for on it are grouped three large school-houses. One of these is a new, handsome building, occupied by the High School, and one of the principal Grammar School of S. The Normal School building is much plainer than its stately neighbor, a square, massive edifice, without adornment of any kind. Some of its more showy neighbors have maliciously termed it the "soap box," which expression we loyal Normalites have agreed to treat with silent contempt. We shall not the less love every stone of our dear old Hall, far dearer to us than the costliest palace could be.

Many of the little side streets of the town extend to the water, for S. is situated on a harbor, and is quite near the sea. So one is never at a loss for cool and pleasant walks. Near the large cotton factory is a miniature beach—"Factory Beach," as it is called. Here a long, rocky point projects into the water. It is delightful to sit here on a hot Summer day, while the welcome sea breezes kiss one's cheek, and gaze out upon the deep blue waters of the bay, studded, here and there, by snowy sails, and to listen to the music of the dancing, rippling little waves, as they wash the stones at our feet. I thank them for the sweet songs with which they have often soothed a restless and troubled spirit. Next to the seaside I love the hills, the dear old moss-grown rocks and hills. A continuous range of these extends from S. to Lynn. Many of them are very high, and command a fine view of the town and bay. These hills are generally called "The Pastures." One of them is called "Gallows Hill," from the circumstance of some of the unfortunate witches having been hung on it. Now, instead of the gallows, a staging is erected there, from which we have a beautiful view of the country for miles around. Almost at our feet lies the pretty town of S., nestling among trees, and looking really beautiful in the fading sunlight, which, glancing brightly from the steeples and tree-tops, lends a thousand glowing hues to the little winding streams which almost encircle the town. In May these hills are covered with violets, anemones, and the delicate, modest little houstania. And all the Summer long, there may be found, in quiet little nooks, other graceful and beautiful wild flowers. The "Pastures" abound in these delightful nooks, in whose neighborhood there is often a leaping, singing little brook, overhung by gray, moss-covered rocks. Some of my pleasantest rambles have been over these hills. One is hardly content to *walk* over them. The pure, bracing air, the open sky, give to us such a sense of freedom and relief that we want to *bound* along, like merry, light-hearted children. And here I have seen and felt the glorious wondrous, ever-changing beauty of the clouds, watching them for hours, until I have been tempted to think them the grandest and most beautiful of all God's grand and beautiful works. Castle Hill is another eminence, rising like a dome from the surrounding hills; in Winter, a pure white dome, in Summer of the richest emerald green. A pleasant, shady lane leads to this hill. On each side of the lane is a smooth, clear sheet of water, over whose banks some graceful young elms droop until their branches almost touch the surface, as if admiring, in the watery mirror, their own beauty and grace.

I have mentioned but few of the many pleasant walks which one may take in S. and its environs. Before leaving the town, one should visit the pretty little cemetery, "Harmony Grove," which is completely embosomed in trees. No stately monuments mark the last resting place of those who sleep in this quiet grove. But over the pure, white headstones cluster vines and flowers—planted by loving hands. And the drooping larch, the dark, solemn fir, the weeping willow, with many other protecting trees, overshadow the graves of the loved and lost. Over one grave is planted a small cross of the purest white, Italian marble, on which an ivy vine is most exquisitely carved. Every leaf is perfect. The whole was cut in Italy, from a solid block of marble. At the foot of the hill on which the cemetery is built, a stream of water flows peacefully along. I shall not soon forget a delightful afternoon in the early summer, passed by myself and a lovely friend of mine in "Harmony Grove." We had both of us some writing to do, and went there "to seek inspiration." We found a spot which suited us exactly; a large, flat stone shaded by lofty trees. Seating ourselves on it, we drew forth our pencils and paper—and did everything but write. It was far pleasanter to muse, and talk; to listen to the birds singing overhead, and watch the sunbeams as they crept through the leaves above and around us. After the birds had ceased, L., who has one of the richest, sweetest voices I have ever heard, sang for me, song after song, with her whole heart in her singing. When the last sweet echoes of her voice died away, the sunlight had faded from hill and trees; and we walked slowly, thoughtfully homeward in the deepening twilight. One of my favorite walks was from S. to the quaint old town of Beverly. A long, handsome bridge extends, for nearly half the distance between the two towns, across that part of the harbor which separates them. Beverly was once a part of S. It is a much more ancient-looking place, abounding in venerable trees and delightful, old-fashioned houses. I have noticed here some of those old, gray stone houses, with moss-covered roofs, which are too rapidly disappearing from the land. Here, as in S., nearly every house has its pleasant little garden attached. But everything in the town has an ancient appearance. I fancied that even the little children about the streets looked old. Adjoining S., on the north, is a group of pretty little towns—the "Danverses." There are North Danvers, South Danvers, Danversport, Danvers Plains, and I know not how many more. Riding through these towns, one catches continual glimpses of neat white houses—many of them built in the cottage style, with green blinds, and nicely-kept flower-gardens. Boston street is the connecting link between S. and South Danvers. A venerable elm, standing in the centre of the wide street, marks the boundary line between the towns. On this street stands a house, darkened and mouldering with age. It is called "Old Hundred," and is thought to be two hundred years old. To look at "Old Hundred," one would think that it could not be inhabitable, but it has several occupants. Boston street has few attractions except in Winter, when it is a favorite resort for all the sleigh-riders; and from morn till noon, and from noon till eve, the merry music of the sleigh-bells may be heard. Very prettily the fairy-like little sleighs look as they go bounding so gracefully over the smooth, sparkling surface of the snow.

And now, with this very imperfect sketch, we must take our leave of the dear old town of S. But I would not have my readers think that its natural beauties, only, have so greatly endeared it to me. These would not be to me what the warm, true, loving *hearts* in my New England home have been. Among the first and last of my friends have been some of the teachers of S—teachers not in name only, but in very deed and truth, who enter with their whole soul into the work; who teach the *heart* as well as the mind, and whose whole lives are beautiful examples of the truths which they impart. To the teachings and companionship of one, gifted, lovable and interesting beyond most persons I have known, I owe far more than I can ever repay.

Nor must I forget the faithful few, too few, alas! who "remember them that are in bonds as bound with them"—a little band of noble-hearted women, who have formed a Society, and faithfully persevere in their labors for the slave, despite the many opposing and chilling influences which surround them; for S. is a very "aristocratic" town, and most of its inhabitants have but little sympathy with reforms of any kind—to their shame be it spoken. Last Winter some of the pro-slavery people were nicely caught. These "aristocrats" carefully avoid attending any of the course of anti-slavery lectures which are given every year in S. But they deign to attend the *Lyceum* lectures. Therefore, when they heard that our noble-hearted and eloquent orator, WENDELL PHILLIPS, was going to deliver a lecture before the Lyceum, thinking that *there* he would not dare to utter any of his "abominable heresies," they graciously condescended to *honor* him with their presence. The lecture was on "Toussaint L'Ouverture"; and as admirable and thorough an anti-slavery lecture as one could possibly desire. How the *pro-slavery* auditors swallowed this large dose, I know not. They certainly could not resist the enchantments of the orator's eloquence, even while strongly rebelling against his fearlessly avowed sentiments. A few weeks afterward came DR. CHEEVER, whose words "stir the soul like the sound of a trumpet." This was also a Lyceum lecture, but avowedly and thoroughly anti-slavery. This was the drop too much. The pro-slavery rage boiled over, and loud and bitter were the complaints against the managers for allowing *such* a lecture to be given before the Lyceum. A friend of mine, once President of the Lyceum, was remonstrated with for inviting THEODORE PARKER, WENDELL PHILLIPS, and other prominent Abolitionists to lecture. "If you want good lectures, you must be content to listen to anti-slavery lecturers," he replied, "for the best lecturers are now the most liberal and philanthropic in their views." I cannot believe that the people of S. have listened to such lecturers in vain. The good seed has been sown, and I have faith to believe that it will one day bring forth abundant fruit.

And now a last farewell to S. We will take an imaginary drive to Swampscot, a little fishing village, only a few miles distant. The principal street of the village has the sea on one side, and a row of insignificant little houses on the other. The shore is lined with fishing boats. Of course the odors are not the most delightful in the world, but one must be quite oblivious of these while driving on the beach, and gazing far out upon the deep blue sea, "where glancing sails to gentle breezes swell." Here we have a fine view of the bay, and the benefit of pure and bracing sea air. Near the village are some elegant country-seats—many of them built in the cottage style, and surrounded by beautifully kept grounds. One cannot but envy the favored occupants of these the grand sea view, which hourly greets their eyes. Driving on a mile or two farther, we enter Lynn. From the glimpses which we have of the town, almost every other building seems to be a shoe-store. Lynn has its "Common," and the usual share of pretty white houses, with green blinds, which one meets with in almost every New England town. But to my partial eyes it does not compare in beauty with S. Its chief attraction to me was "High Rock," on whose summit the pretty little dwelling of the Hutchinsons is perched like an eagle's eyrie. In the distance this rock looks so high and steep that one marvels how a house could ever have been built upon it. At its foot there once lived a famous fortune-teller of the olden time—"Moll Pitcher." She at first resided in S., but afterward removed to Lynn, where her fame spread over the adjoining country far and near. Whittier has made her the subject of a poem, which every one should read, not only for its account of the fortune-teller, but for its beautiful descriptions of the scenery around Lynn, especially of the bold promontory of Nahant, whose fine beach, invigorating sea air, and, more than all, its grand, rugged old rocks—the grandest I have ever seen—washed by the waves of the old Ocean—make it the most delightful of Summer resorts.

Those who love long walks will be well repaid by walking from S. to Marblehead Beach. The *town* of Marblehead is very unattractive. Most of the houses, though primitive looking enough, are decidedly ugly. The inhabitants are mostly fishermen, with their wives and children, who have a peculiarly hardy and uncouth look. I don't believe they have changed much since the time when

> "Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
> Was tarred, and feathered, and carried in a cart
> By the women of Marblehead."

The beach, which is at some distance from the town, is delightful. It was here that I first saw the sea, and stood "entranced in silent awe," gazing upon the waves as they marched, in one mass of the richest green, to the shore—then suddenly broke into foam, white and beautiful as the winter snow. I remember one pleasant afternoon which I spent, with a friend, gathering shells and sea-weed on the beach, or sitting on the rocks, listening to the wild music of the waves, and watching the clouds of spray as they sprang high up in air, then fell again, in snowy wreaths at our feet. We lingered there until the sun had sunk into his ocean bed. On our homeward walk we passed Forest River, a winding, picturesque little stream, dotted with rocky islands. Over the river, and along our quiet way, the moon shed her soft and silvery light. And as we approached S., the lights, gleaming from every window of the large factory, gave us a cheerful welcome. One of the pleasantest visits that I ever paid to Marblehead was with a party of friends, on a bright and beautiful morning in August. We chartered an omnibus, and started in high spirits, congratulating ourselves on having "such a charming day." But, alas! before we had reached our journey's end, "a change came o'er the spirit of our dreams," and over the brightness of the sky, which was suddenly overswept with dark, heavy clouds; and then a violent thunder-storm came on. A few minutes' rapid driving brought us to the door of a friendly farm-house, quite near the beach, just as the rain was descending in torrents. This house, in which we were cordially invited to take shelter, was not unfamiliar to us. We had frequently seen it on our previous visits to the beach, and knew that it was more than two hundred years old. It was the residence of Hugh Peters, one of the earliest and ablest ministers of the Colony. The house has been much modernized, and, consequently, has not so great a charm as its antiquity (considering that it is in *America*) would otherwise give it. How any one can have the heart to modernize such a relic of the olden time, I cannot imagine. We amused ourselves, in the large, cheerful parlor, with books and games, until the storm was over. Then, finding it quite too wet to walk to the beach, we obtained permission to explore a very ancient barn, which had attracted our attention. We found it such a charming place that we determined to remain there and dine. And a merry dinner we had, on the very summit of a high heap of straw, so high that we had to ascend to it by a ladder. After dinner, while we reclined luxuriously on the straw, some of the party read aloud some of Whittier's spirited poems, and others sang. There we lay quite still, listening to the "swallow's song in the eaves," and, when another storm arose, watching, from the window, the black and angry waves as they leaped furiously upon the shore. Late in the afternoon, we rode home amid alternate showers and sunlight, and all agreed that we had had, after all, "a truly charming day."

The "Athens of New England" has been too often and too well described for one so unskilful as I am to give even a glimpse of it. I will only say that forever in my memory will linger thoughts of the happy hours I have spent on "The Common," wandering beneath the grand old elms, admiring the graceful and fairy-like forms of the exquisite fountain, and watching the groups of admiring visitors and merry children as they wandered over the pleasant hills; and of the happier hours passed in listening to the burning and eloquent words of those who plead for the oppressed, whose pure and elevated character, dauntless courage and lofty purpose ennoble New England, and alone redeem our degenerate land. *Their* footsteps, more even than those of the Pilgrim Fathers, hallow New England's rocky soil. Around Boston are grouped some pretty little towns and villages, which I have caught a glimpse of in riding through. Among the prettiest of these are the "Newtons," a cluster of villages, consisting of picturesque little white cottages, completely embosomed in trees. In West Newton was formerly the oldest Normal School in the State. It has recently been removed to Framingham. I well remember a delightful ride through Cambridge in the pleasant month of May—a more *May-like* May than this—in the luxurious horse cars. Old Cambridge, the University town, is a beautiful place. As we rode along, we saw the fine College buildings, and Longfellow's house—once Washington's headquarters. I saw this imperfectly, but here again I was disappointed, because of its modern look. Lowell's house is completely hidden by the magnificent trees surrounding it. One could easily imagine that it must be a fitting residence for a poet. Paying a brief visit to the beautiful cemetery at Mount Auburn, we rode on to Watertown, a pretty town, particularly interesting to me as having once been the home of Lowell's lovely and lamented poet-wife. And so, to many of the New England towns some old or pleasing association gives its own peculiar charm, and oftimes "pours a ray of fairy land around life's common way."

I have bid farewell to New England, but for a time only. It has become too dear for me to content myself away from it forever. I am well aware how very slight and imperfect these sketches are. To the town of S. I have devoted most of them, for that was my home, and consequently most familiar to me. And if they should awake, in the minds of others, even a moment's passing interest in scenes which I love so well, and which are, in themselves, so beautiful, they will have accomplished all that I have dared to hope.

THE CARMELITES OF JESI.

A few days after my excursion to Loretto, I had my last glimpse of *real* Italian life, in a visit to Jesi, a small city of great antiquity, about twenty miles distant from Ancona. The circumstances that led us thither hinged upon the acquaintance of my uncle's family with an Irish priest, who belonged to a convent of Carmelites in that place. Father O'Grady was a jovial, burly personage, with a round bullet-head, an athletic frame, and a stentorian voice, that always reminded me of the holy clerk of Copmanhurst in *Ivanhoe*. His great delight in his occasional visits to Ancona, where he always lodged in a monastery of the same order, was to be invited to our house to have "a real English dhinner," as he termed it, which he dolorously contrasted with the fare provided by the cook at the Jesi convent. Once, too, the provincial of the order, a fine, dignified old man of seventy-five, with a silvery fringe of hair and regular impressive features, like one of Perugino's saints, came to dine with us, attended by another monk, a certain Padre Fiorenzo, as well as Father O'Grady—both of them very much subdued in his presence. Our Hibernian friend, however, always protested himself indemnified for this restraint by his gratification at the approval the entertainment drew from his superior, who, as the spring advanced, was urgent that we should test the hospitality of Jesi in return.

Some English travelling friends, waiting for the steamer to Trieste, were comprised in this invitation, which my uncle, though not without some sighs at the long hours of *conversazione*, and making the amiable with the brotherhood, which lay before him, was coaxed into accepting; and a beautiful morning in the latter part of June saw the two families in motion.

After following the high road towards Senigallia along the curve of the bay for some miles, the way to Jesi turns inland in a westward direction. Long rows of mulberry-trees, connected by ample festoons of vines; cornfields nearly ripe for the sickle, interspersed with plantations of young maize, beans, and olives, equally indicated the fertility of the country and its staple productions. Less hilly and romantic than the scenery near Loretto, it still had no lack of beauty; a background of mountains was never wanting, and, gifted with that marvellous brightness and diversity of coloring peculiar to this clime, the landscape rarely sank into monotony.

Jesi is an interesting little town, of some 5,000 inhabitants, tracing its origin to an indefinite number of centuries before the foundation of Rome, and famed in the middle ages as the birthplace of Frederick II., the great emperor of Germany, whose constant wars with the Roman pontiffs and encouragement of literature render his memory very popular amongst Italian writers. A thriving trade in silk has preserved it from the squalid misery discernible in most of the inland towns of the Marche; and it can boast of some palaces in tolerable preservation, a casino, a very pretty theatre, and several churches, that of the Carmelites being amongst the principal.

Father O'Grady, radiant with joy, was awaiting us in the street, to show the way to the hotel where we were to take up our quarters—for within the cloister itself no woman may set her foot—until two rooms adjoining the church and sacristy were prepared for the day's festivities. They had been up since daybreak, the good man said, but "the last touch was still wanting."

The last touch being a lengthy process, and the inn barren of resources, a walk was proposed. We were conducted by the father and Padre Fiorenzo, his great friend, through the market, the principal square, and the main street called the Corso, the worthy being evidently desirous the citizens of Jesi should all participate in the novelty of the presence of strangers, for the town, lying out of the general route of travellers, is very rarely visited. After this promenade, somewhat fatiguing under a noonday's sun, we went over the casino. The billiard, conversazione, and ball rooms, all well arranged, and in good taste, incomparably superior to any corresponding establishment in towns of far higher pretensions in England; but then, as Lucy was at hand patriotically to remark, had we not mechanics' libraries, and schools, and charitable institutions, to atone for this deficiency? Admitting all this to its fullest extent, I cannot see why casinos, on the same simple footing as those so common in Southern Italy, should not be advantageously grafted on English county society. In towns too small to have a *casino de' nobili* to themselves, the higher and middle classes are content to waive questions of caste, and meet, as at Ancona, or Marcerata, or Jesi, on this neutral territory. Once a week, during Lent or Advent, when there is no opera to serve as a rallying-point, reunions for music and cards draw together the subscribers, without any extravagance in dress on the part of the wealthier ladies, provoking the less affluent to foolish emulation. Two or three times in the course of the year, balls are given, where a greater display is permitted, yet still without the inequalities of fortune, thus rendered more apparent, leading to any offensive airs of superiority. No refreshments are supplied on these occasions, the low amount of the subscription, twelve dollars a year for each member—inclusive of his family, however numerous—not furnishing funds beyond those necessary for attendance, lights, and music, and keeping up the establishment for the old bachelors and heads of houses, who frequent it regularly every day and every twelvemonth round.

We concluded our peregrinations by the inspection of the theatre, Padre Fiorenzo having an acquaintance with one of the *employés*, through whom access to it was obtained. Even with the disadvantages of being seen by daylight, it might be pronounced a very elegant little structure; the columns and ceiling ornamented in white and gold, and the three tiers of private boxes draperied with blue silk. Father O'Grady trod the stage with a mock-heroic air, and favored us with two or three *roulades* of so much effect that we protested he must often be hearing operas, and hinted he perhaps occasionally ventured there in disguise. At this insinuation, he shook his portly sides with laughter; but Padre Fiorenzo related with complacency that in fact one night the previous Carnival, they and several others of the brotherhood had been present at a concert given in that same theatre on behalf of the poor, which the bishop permitted all the clergy and *religiosi* to attend; dwelling with the simplicity of a child upon the great enjoyment this had afforded them.

From these mundane resorts—a messenger having come to say all was now in readiness—we adjourned to the church of the Carmelites, where a side-door gave admission to the sacristy, and beyond this to a dark, low-ceiled room, lined with massive walnut-wood presses, in which all the vestments and ornaments for the great religious solemnities were deposited. An iron-barred window looked into the inner quadrangle of the monastery; and through a half-opened door we had glimpses of a long table spread for dinner; around which several dark-robed figures were hovering, the silvery head of the provincial himself now and then discernible as he directed the arrangements.

Father O'Grady being troubled in his mind about a certain plum-pudding, on the manipulation of which the dawn of morning had found him engaged, now ceded his post as chief spokesman and squire to Padre Fiorenzo, who, with two other elderly monks, very gladly engaged to do the honors.

The next half-hour saw the good father revolving perpetually between us and the kitchen, now disputing with the cook, an octogenarian artist, who had no sympathy for such outlandish compounds, now restraining the merriment of some of the younger visitors, for whom the idea of transgressing convent etiquette was irresistibly attractive. A door from the sacristy temptingly stood open, leading down by two or three steps into the court, of which the church and the rooms we occupied formed the southern extremity and barrier. Under pain of the severest excommunication, the monks repeatedly assured us, females were interdicted from proceeding further; the threshold on which we crowded on hearing these particulars being the utmost boundary. The two blooming, joyous sisters, just out of the school-room, who had accompanied us from Ancona, with a mother too indulgent to act as any check on their spirits, and an elder brother, a barrister, almost as full of sport as themselves, proved amusingly refractory on this occasion. Whenever the provincial—who had come in once or twice to pay his compliments—was out of the way, or my uncle's attention was engaged, they made a feint of dancing down the steps and rushing into the forbidden ground; just for the amusement of being chased back again by the terrified Padre Fiorenzo, and rebuked by Father O'Grady, who evidently enjoyed the joke, though he tried to look serious upon it, with: "Childhren dhear, why can't ye remain quiet? Shure, now, it's excommunicated ye'll be! Ah! more's the pity that ye don't care for that! Now, jist be asy, and don't turn the house out of windows." But as the "childhren" would not be "asy," after one or two more *escapades*, the door was locked; and they were fain to resort to some new device to beguile the time. Visible from the iron-barred window were some of the younger brethren walking up and down the prohibited quadrangle, trying to get a glimpse of the English heretics, whose visit had thrown the whole community into such pleasurable excitement. With black silk scarfs and white handkerchiefs, the delighted mad-caps extemporized some nuns' costumes, in which they took their stations at the window, and confronted Father O'Grady as he was crossing the enclosure on his return from one of his expeditions to the kitchen.

The admiration of Mother Hubbard, in that renowned epic of our infancy, on finding her faithful canine attendant travestied in a court-suit, has its parallel in the father's astonishment and laughter at this apparition, in which he was chorused by Padre Fiorenzo and the others; until hearing the provincial approaching, they wiped their eyes, and entreated them to remove their impromptu attire; while to keep them out of further mischief, and provide some employment for the more sober members of the party, they asked the superior's permission to show us the church vestments. This was graciously accorded; and one after another the presses were opened by the monks; and rich brocades, tissues of gold and silver, silks embroidered in various colors, were successively drawn forth, the provincial himself deigning to explain for what they were designed.

The welcome announcement of dinner still found us thus engaged. We were ushered with great glee—for I cannot repeat too often that, with the exception of the provincial, they all seemed as easily set laughing as a parcel of school-boys—into the next room, where our venerable host and the fathers who had previously been making *conversazione* took their seats with us at the table. We were waited upon by two lay-brothers, whose broad smiles and occasional remarks showed they participated in the general hilarity; the provincial himself playing the courteous attentive host to perfection, seeming to sanction and approve it. To say the repast was seasoned with Attic salt would be a flower of speech; neither was there anything peculiarly droll in the sallies with which Padre Alberto, the *bel esprit* of the convent sustained, or, in Father O'Grady's opinion, enhanced his reputation; but there was something so pleasant in the intense childlike happiness of these good Carmelites, that it would have been invidious to scan their intellectual attainments at such a moment. Dr. Primrose's oft-quoted words were exactly applicable to that party: "I can't say whether we had more wit among us than usual, but certainly we had more laughing."

Of the dinner itself, I shall say but little; the readers of these sketches must be by this time familiar with Italian bills of fare. The soup of clear broth, wherein floated little squares of a compound resembling hard custard; the unfailing *lesso*; a *frittura* of brains and bread-crumbs, sprinkled with powdered sugar; larded capons; a dish of fennel-root, dressed with butter and cheese; roast kid; a pie, of which cockscombs were the principal ingredients, with a sweet crust; a *zuppa Inglese*, cake steeped in rum and covered with custard; "on purpose," the provincial said, "for the English ladies, accustomed from childhood to mix spirits with their food"; and lastly, Father O'Grady's plum-pudding, but, alas! served in a soup-tureen, for the flour had been forgotten in its composition, and no amount of boiling had availed to give it the desired consistency. Still the innumerable jokes this furnished amply compensated for its partial failure; the young barrister told them it was exactly like the plum-broth served out at Christmas at St. Cross's Hospital, one of the most famous institutions in England, he asserted, for good cheer, and incited every one by example as well as precept to do justice to Father O'Grady's culinary achievements. Though he had already shown himself emulous of a boa constrictor's capacity, he now sent his plate for a second supply, compelling Padre Fiorenzo, as a tribute to friendship, to do the same.

At the conclusion of the banquet, Fra Carmelo, the old cook of whom we have heard so much, and who was declared to have acquitted himself right manfully, was summoned to receive the thanks of the company. The messenger found him playing the guitar, with which he was wont daily to solace himself at the completion of his duties in the kitchen, and triumphantly led him forward. In his brown Carmelite dress, he certainly looked a most interesting cook. Though past eighty, his tall spare figure was only slightly bowed; and there was a vivacity in his light-blue eyes and ruddy complexion, which led to the conclusion that his alleged occasional shortcomings in his art were more the result of inattention than incapacity.

On rising from table, the provincial offered to *fare due passi*, a great distinction, which was of course accepted. Again the whole party sallied forth, he and my uncle—who won golden opinions, though suffering martyrdom throughout the day—leading the van. We went to see two or three churches, and then, at Father O'Grady's suggestion, were taken to a nunnery, which he knew would be a treat for us. All the sisters crowded to the *parlatorio* to see the strangers. It was not a grating, as in the stricter orders, but simply a large aperture like a wide unglazed window, at which they clustered, talking eagerly to the monks, asking questions about the little world of Jesi, and gazing with unrestrained and delighted curiosity upon us.

Amongst fifteen or sixteen thus assembled, little beauty, less mind, was discernible. I saw but one interesting face—a face that had, or might have had, a history written on it. Indeed, several of these nuns were positively ill favored, evidently devoted to the cloister because their parents had found it impracticable to get them otherwise disposed of. Some told us they had never left the convent since their first entrance as *educande*, seven or eight years of age; they grew attached to the nuns and their companions, and as the time for returning home drew nigh, estranged by many years separation from their families, besought that they might not be removed, and passed through their novitiate, and took the veil, without ever going beyond the walls. They all talked as fast as possible, as if to make the most of the opportunity; interspersing whatever they said, or commenting on whatever they heard, with invocations to the Madonna and saints, and ejaculations of simple wonder. I was amused, though, at noticing how well informed they were of all that was passing in Jesi society; their information being derived, the monks told us with an air of pitying superiority, through whatever they could glean from occasional visitors; but especially from the gossip collected at market by the woman charged every morning to purchase their supplies, and who, in consigning the provisions at the convent-wicket, communicates any novelties she has picked up. A single observation denoting deep thought or enthusiasm, I sought in vain to hear; indeed, as I reflected at the time, it would be difficult to convey any notion of their limited capacity. Not tending the sick, not instructing the poor; with only four or five *educande* to bring up till the age of sixteen or seventeen, exactly as they themselves have been educated—embroidery and the making of confectionary filling up all the leisure left after the performance of their stated religious exercises, which call them for several hours daily to the choir—what a dreary, unsatisfactory life, according to our notions of existence and its duties, stretches itself before these women. But they said they were happy; and, looking at the bevy of English girls before them, lifted up their eyes and hands in sadness to think their hearts were not disposed to follow their example.

It was pleasant to know what delight our visit had afforded them, and to note the earnestness with which they begged us to return to Jesi and come to see them; to have the conviction that we had furnished the whole sisterhood with materials for at least a fortnight's conversation, and several years' reminiscences.

The good Carmelites, too, if our self-pride did not greatly mislead us, marked this day with a white stone; and long after the pursuits and interests of a busier life have dimmed its recollections with the majority of their guests, will continue to treasure every incident of their visit.

My leave-taking of the good monks of Jesi was soon followed by a long farewell to Ancona and its kindly people. In bringing these sketches to a conclusion, I feel as if the pain of parting were renewed, while many unrecorded traits of courtesy, sympathy and friendship crowd upon me. If such omissions have arisen, it has been from no spirit of depreciation. In reminiscences like the foregoing, the peculiarities a stranger cannot but fail to remark must be prominently brought forward: those good qualities no impartial observer can deny to the national character being often left in the background, simply because offering less scope for comment or description.

The sole merit of what I have written is its truth. Not an anecdote, not an incident, is here given but what is scrupulously authentic. With a little exaggeration, I might have been much more amusing, but I preferred delineating these things as they really are—in their light and darkness, in their fairness and deformity—in what our pride might stoop to imitate, or our gratitude make us thankful that we differ.—*Chambers's Journal.*

LETTER FROM HUMBOLDT.

From The Boston Courier, June 8.

We have the pleasure of laying before our readers the translation of a letter addressed by the illustrious Alexander Von Humboldt to our townsman, Mr. Ticknor. Humboldt now presents, to our astonishment and admiration, the spectacle of a man of the highest order of intellect, at the advanced age of eighty-nine, in the full possession of all his powers, and busily engaged in the completion of a work of the vastest scope and the most profound scientific generalizations. We do not know where to look, at least in modern times, for any parallel case. The nearest approaches to it are those of Sergeant Maynard, who was discharging at eighty-eight, with vigor and ability, the duties of Lord High Commissioner, and of Titian, "the gay, smiling old man," as Coleridge calls him, who, at eighty-nine, and for ten years more, was painting pictures hardly inferior to those of his prime.

Humboldt, in spite of his infinite avocations and of his vast correspondence with whatever is most distinguished in the whole circle of the globe, perseveres in the habits of his long life, and never, on any occasion, employs another to write for him. What is perhaps quite as remarkable, there are no more signs of age in his manuscript than there are in his style and thoughts. The original letter, of which the following is a translation, is in a hand differing in no perceptible particular from manuscripts written by him forty years ago. He is enabled to go through his immense labors by his habits of regular industry, and by the fortunate peculiarity of his constitution, which enables him to live with comparatively little sleep. Most of his hard work is done at night, when others are at rest.

"*To George Ticknor, Esq.:*

"My dear and excellent friend: Bonds of friendship which have their origin so far back in my family, and the affection felt for you by my brother William Von Humboldt, when you lived in Germany, as a young man, seem to impose on me the very pleasent duty of giving you some sign of life—that is to say, a renewed proof of my attachment to you and my interest in your country, and a brief account of my labors.

"My physical strength declines, but it declines slowly. My steps are more uncertain in their direction, owing to a feebleness (a relaxing) of the ligaments of the knees; but I can remain standing for an hour, without being fatigued. I continue to work chiefly at night, being unrelentingly persecuted by my correspondence, which increases the more as one becomes an object of public curiosity. What is called literary celebrity is especially the result of a long endurance of life (*une longue patience de vivre*). This kind of eminence increases, therefore, in proportion as imbecility becomes more manifest. I am never really ill, but often incommoded, as is to be expected at the age of eighty-nine.

"Since we were only two persons in the American expedition (the unfortunate Carlos de Montufar,* son of the Marquis de Selvalegra, of Quito, fell a victim to his love for the liberty of his country), it is somewhat remarkable that we should both have reached so advanced an age. Bonpland, still much occupied with scientific labors, even cherishing the hope of visiting Europe again, and of bringing in person back to Paris his rich and beautiful collections in botany and geology, is eighty-five years old, and enjoys greater strength than I do.

"I have just published in Germany the 4th volume of Cosmos, and they are now printing the 5th volume, which completes that work so imprudently begun and so favorably received by the public. General Sabine writes me that the English translation is finished and will appear immediately. The same news comes to me from France, from M. Galuzzi, who has been passing the winter in the south, at Cannes.

The great and beautiful work of Agassiz